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ORIGINAL POETRY.

A DREAM.

I had a dream—it was so blest,
As if my buoyant spirit prest
The elastic regions of the air,
Devoid of ev'ry earthly care—
New energy, new thought was giv'n,
That it could only be of heav'n:
And then I flew,
O'er fields of dew,
Where ev'ry drop more brightly shown,
Than diamonds in the moon's clear light;
Yet could it be that all alone,
only view'd a scene so bright?
The thought was pain, and I deeply sigh'd,
When a thousand voices cheerful cried,
"Repress a thought so base as this,
For heav'n could be no state of bliss,
Should one fore'd spirit in loveliness reign,
Tho' exempt from care, and releas'd from pain."
Then round me play'd,
And they wove a braide,
Whose bloom never fading was placed on their brow,
'Twas form'd from the blush of the orient sky;
But reliev'd with a shade like the mountain's pure snow,
And the fragrance it breath'd was distilled from on high—
Methought they wove a wreath for me,
Of the blooming rose, and myrtle tree;
And as they wove, they gaily sung,
While echo on each measure hung;
So wild and sweet, that ev'ry lay
So soft and low it died away
In melody,
That it could be
Forever living in the heart;
E'en when it ceas'd, it still would seem
More than the hallow'd minstrel's art,
Or the bright vision of a dream. CORDELIA.

MY SORROWS.

These oaks in mossy mantles hoar,
Their wilted branches now dispread,
O'er one whose pleasures are no more—
O'er one whose warmest hopes are dead.

Through hazy clouds, her cheerless way,
The paly queen of heav'n pursues;
Emitting still a sickly ray,
And bathing earth in baleful dews.

The passing wind with sullen moan,
O'er yonder grave-yard slowly sweeps;
And by that dim-discovered stone,
A broken-hearted widow weeps.

The stream that glimmers thro' yon vale,
Her weedy garden sadly laves;
But she delights, though faint and pale,
To weep amidst the field of graves.

Ah! let no sound of mirth intrude
To break the silence reigning here!
Grief consecrates this solitude,
With hopeless sigh and burning tear!

Thou, Pity! heav'n descended maid!
With pensive eyes of liquid blue!
O, visit thou this mournful shade!
With sorrow sympathize anew!

Not twenty summers on my path,
Have pour'd their horns of golden bloom;
Yet dark misfortune's fatal wrath
Has pall'd my mental sky in gloom.

Fond nature to my rapture'd eye,
The brilliant course of glory shows;
I see the onward crown, and sigh
To think the prize for others glows.

Yet envy's voice I scorn to hear,
I would the meed in triumph gain,
But sadly sinks my soul with fear,
Fast bound in fate's relentless chain.

The hectic glow that warms my cheek,
Allures the heartless dragon, death—
And friendly tears most keenly speak,
The quick surrender of my breath.

For me, no more the glowing hearth
Of home with all its charms appear;
An outcast on the face of earth,
And doom'd the stranger's scorn to bear.

Twelve moons have scarcely sway'd the sky,
Since all the joys of home were mine!
No tears of sorrow dimm'd my eye,
Save! sainted mother! tears for thine!

Alas! again that painful thought,
My aching bosom wildly wrings!
Where shall forgetfulness be sought?
Oh! where are found the oblivious springs?

Can he whose sister sought the skies—
Can she whose brother sleeps in clay—
Can they conceive the pains that rise,
When loving mates, a prey, pass away?

No! ye may shed the feeling tear,
Where blooming verdure marks *their* tomb;
But ah! the motherless must bear
A night of unimagined gloom!

There rise a thousand little woes,
A thousand little joys to tell;
To gain from grief a slight repose,
To make the bliss unspeakable.

And where, but in a mother's breast,
Can woes like these one sigh command?
Or joys receive as sweet a zest,
As from a mother's smilings bland?

Remembrance paints an awful storm,
When rung with beating hail the dome—
When howls proclaim'd the demon's form,
And swift destruction rent our home!

Then o'er that storm, maternal love,
A rainbow to our sight was given,
And while our gaze was fix'd above,
It gently vanish'd into heaven!

I've watch'd the early crimson streak,
And upward glancing golden ray;
Have seen the mountain's kindled peak,
And hail'd the flood of glowing day!

And thus, I vainly hoped, would be
The op'ning of my youthful years;
That glory should arise on me,
And bright'ning fortune chase my fears!

But, sick, and homeless, and bereft,
I claim thy guidance, O! despair!
My mother's tomb-star still is left,
Conduct my tott'ring footsteps there!

T. H. S.

THE MORALIST.

SELECTED.

ON THE PRESENT AND A FUTURE STATE.

Man is a creature designed for two different states of being, or rather for two different lives.—His first life is short and transient—his second permanent and lasting. The question we are all concerned in is this, in which of these two lives is it our chief interest to make ourselves happy? Or, in other words, whether we should endeavour to secure to ourselves the pleasures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and, at its utmost length, of short duration—or secure to ourselves the pleasures of a life which is fixed and settled, and will never end? Every man, upon the first hearing of this question, knows very well which side of it he ought to close with. But, however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong side of the question—we make provision for this life, as though it were never to have an end—and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a spirit from heaven, who is a stranger to human nature, come upon earth, and take a survey of the inhabitants, what would he think of us? would he not think that we are a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than we really are? would he not imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? would he not think that it was our duty to toil for wealth; nay, would he not believe that it was a crime to be poor? He would certainly imagine we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are prescribed to us. And, truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude, that we are a species of the most obedient creatures, and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent here.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learnt that we were beings not designed to exist in this world but for a limited time? How would he be lost in wonder and horror, when he knew that the creatures which he beholds are to live to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparation? Nothing can reflect a greater disgrace on rational creatures, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, than to be perpetually employed in providing for this short life, and neglecting to make provisions for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be still new and still beginning—more especially when we consider that our endeavours to make ourselves great, or rich, or honorable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful—whereas, by making preparation in this life, we secure our happiness in the next.

SELECTED.

INSTRUCTIVE TALE.

We have seldom heard of a tale of human life more instructive than that we are about to relate. We heard the substance of it related by a friend, and have taken the liberty to throw it into the present shape, and lay it before our readers. It is a fine illustration of what Franklin so much insisted on, that industry and temperance are almost certain to lead to independence and comfort.

Thomas P. at the age of 18, was, by the death of his master, turned loose upon the world to gain his livelihood as a shoemaker. He shouldered his kit and went from house to house making the farmer's leather, or mending his children's shoes. At length a good old man, pleased with Tom's industry and steady habits, offered him a small building as a shop. Here Tom applied himself to work with persevering industry and untiring ardor. Earlier than the sun, he was whistling over his work, and his hammer song was often heard until the "noon of night." He thus gained a good reputation, and some of this world's goods. He soon married a virtuous female; one whose kind disposition added new joys to his existence, and whose busy neatness rendered pleasant and comfortable their little tenement. The time passed smoothly on; they were blessed with three smiling pledges of their affection, and in a few years Tom was the possessor of a neat little cottage and a piece of land. This they handsomely improved; and it was evidently the abode of plenty and felicity. But now Tom began to relax from his strict habits, and would occasionally walk down to a tavern in the neighborhood. This soon became a habit; and the habit imperceptibly grew upon him, until to the grief of all who knew him, he became a constant lounger about the tavern and extremely dissipated. The inevitable consequences soon followed: he got into debt, and his creditors soon stripped him of all he had. His poor wife used all the arts of persuasion to reclaim him; and she could not think of using him harshly, for she loved him even in his degradation, and he had always been kind to her. Many an earnest petition did she proffer to heaven for his reformation, and often did she endeavour to work upon his parental feeling. He often promised to reform, and was at last induced to stay from the tavern three days together; and his solicitous companion began to cherish hope of returning happiness. But he could endure it no longer. "Betsey," said he, as he rose from his work, "give me that decanter." These words pierced her heart, and seemed to sound the knell of all her cherished hopes; but she could not disobey him. He went to the tavern, and after some persuasion he induced the landlord to fill the decanter: he returned and placed it in the window immediately before him, "For," said he, "I *can face* my enemy." With a resolution fixed upon overcoming his pernicious habits, he went earnestly to work; always having the decanter before him, but never touched it. Again he began to thrive; and in a few years he was once more the owner of his former delightful residence. His children grew up and are now respectable members of society. Old age came upon Tom, but he always kept the decanter in the window where he first put it; and often when his head was silvered over with age, he would refer to his decanter and laugh heartily at its singular effect; and he never permitted it to be removed from that window while he lived; nor was it until he had been consigned to his narrow house.

A View of Harper's Ferry, in Virginia.

Nature, robed in all her majesty, as she ranges in wild and undisturbed fearlessness throughout the fastnesses of our beloved country, is no where more conspicuous, beautiful and grand, than in the picturesque scenes of HARPER'S FERRY, in Virginia. By the politeness of our friend GEO. GILBERT, a most excellent Wood Engraver, and the assistance of MRS. ROYALL, who, in her remarkable travels, dwells with particular interest on a topic so fruitful, we are enabled to give our readers a tolerably perfect idea of the beauty of that celebrated place.

Harper's Ferry is twenty miles distant from Frederick, Md. in latitude 39 deg. 29 min. N. and 2 deg. 40 min. W. of Philadelphia.—It is approached in a western direction, and the road leading to it passes over a rough hilly country, which increases in ruggedness till you arrive on the bank of the Potomack, about three miles below its passage through the Blue Ridge. You have, however, a distinct view of the chasm at the distance of 8 miles from the Ferry. After the road reaches the river, two distinct openings appear to the traveller, the farthest of which is the main Blue Ridge, three miles distant from the first, called Short Hill. Between both is a valley of rich foliage, partially cultivated. The undulating surface of the valley spotted with fields of green wheat, contrasted with the surrounding foliage, (looking as though they were smoothly shorn,) have the appearance of circular mounds, exceedingly beautiful.—This valley is visible only to the left. After reaching the river, the road, tho' otherways level, is interrupted with huge rocks and stones, closely hemmed in by the first mountain, (Short Hill) and overhung with terrific rocks of amazing size, which seem suspended over the traveller's head by magic. The blood-chilled traveller, however, is not insensible to the almost stunning roar of the foaming Potomack, which is distinctly seen up to the Ferry, dashing over the vast rocky falls that impede its course.

From this point, another lofty hill shows itself through the chasm to the west, directly facing the traveller. It lies between the Potomack and the Shenandoah, and detracts much from the beauty of the view, by obstructing the range of the eye. This is a detached naked mountain, (or rather hill) and lies, as was said, between the two rivers.—But it is from the West side of the Blue Ridge, that the grandeur of the scene appears to most advantage.

I had been told, that the traveller passed through the chasm in a boat: but this is not the case—the road leads quite through the mountain, when you cross the Potomack in a boat, about twenty yards above its junction with the Shenandoah, the only smooth place was the width of the chasm. From the various reports of travellers, I expected to have found the channel of the river more contracted—in other respects, it was equal to my expectation.

From the summit of the hill which lies between the two rivers, you have the best view of this grand curiosity. The Potomack is on the left, the Shenandoah to the right; the mountain to the right meets the junction of the rivers in a bold perpendicular front of solid rock, 1200 feet in height. The mountain to the left, on the contrary, approaches obliquely, and though it is said to be 1400 feet in height, it slopes down to the water in a point.

The mountain on both sides near the passage of the river, is nothing but naked perpendicular rocks, which assume every figure either in nature or art;—some resemble houses with chimnies; others, ships under sail; to which we may add, tables, chairs, benches, and (with the aid of fancy,) cows, sheep, bears, and even human figures.

From the London Forget-Me-Not.

THE SISTER'S DREAM.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

She sleeps!—but not the free and sunny sleep
That lightly on the brow of childhood lies,
Though happy be her rest, and soft, and deep,
Yet, ere it sank upon her shadow'd eyes,
Thoughts of past scenes and kindred graves o'erswept
Her soul's meek stillness—she had prayed and wept.

And now in visions to her couch they come,
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead—
That unto her bequeath'd a mournful home,
Whence with their voices all sweet laughter fled:
They rise—the sisters of her youth arise,
As from the world where no frail blossom dies.

And well the sleeper knows them not of earth—
Not as they were when binding up the flowers,
Telling wild legends round the winter-hearth,
Braiding their long fair hair for festal hours;—
These things are past:—a spiritual gleam,
A solemn glory, robes them in that dream.

Yet if the glee of life's fresh budding years
In those pure aspects may no more be read,
Thence, too, hath sorrow melted—and the tears
Which o'er their mother's holy dust they shed
Are all effaced;—there earth hath left no sign:
Save its deep love, still touching every line:

But oh, more soft, more tender breathing more
A thought of pity than in vanish'd days;
While hov'ring silently and nightly o'er
The lone one's head, they meet her spirit's gaze
With their immortal eyes they seem to say,
"Yet sister? yet we love thee—come away!"

'Twill fade, the radiant dream!—and will she not
Wake with more painful yearning at her heart?
Will not her home seem yet a lonelier spot,
Her tasks more sad, when those bright shadows part?
And the green summer after them look dim,
And sorrow's tone be in the bird's wild hymn?

But let her hope be strong! and let the dead
Visit her soul in heaven's calm beauty still!
Be their names utter'd, be their memory spread
Yet round the place they never more may fill!
All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

A SCENE AT SEA.

The glimmering moon left the sky, every star was veiled, and there was no light within the horizon, save the pale one in the ship's binnacle, or now and then a fish or a marine insect, lighting up his cold and curious candle in the deep. Having spent an hour below with my fellow-passengers, from whom there appeared little to be observed, I shut myself within my little state-room, and went to bed with as much carelessness and confidence as though I had been in the securest castle on the land. We know how we retire to sleep, but we neither know the time nor cause of our awakening; and in the case of such an awakening as mine it would be folly indeed to be thus wise.

I was awakened about the middle of the night, and the perception, to all of my senses that in such a scene could perceive, was of no very pleasant character. The immediate cause of my awakening was a violent plunge of the ship, which flung me with great violence against the beams over my bed, swung the door of my apartment from its fastening, tumbled the whole furniture of the cabin in one confusion towards my side, tossed half of my fellow-passengers, who were groaning with sickness, out of their sleeping-places, and brought up a most suffocating smell from the bilge water, while the smoke of the expiring fire, now confined by a tarpaulin and closed hatches, added to the pain and horror of the scene.

The plunge towards my side was succeeded by a plunge towards the other; and plunge, after plunge, dash after dash, and lamentation after lamentation, were repeated and increased to the very extremity of endurance. Above, the water dashed as though "the windows of heaven had been opened;" beneath, it was roaring as though "the fountains of the great deep had been broken up;" and as the ship worked between the two, she kept cracking and cracking as if every beam and plank had been about to be torn from its place, and scattered in splinters along the turmoiling sea. Fits of sickness, agonizing groans, and hopeless companions, who were pitched from side to side of the cabin, among trunks and trunks, receiving no assistance from others, and deprived of all power to assist themselves.

In a short time, the sea breaking in by some part above us, extinguished the lamp, which till then possessed some little illuminating power, and the horror of pitchy darkness was added to the horrors of the scene—or rather the horror of sight was exchanged for the more dreadful and insupportable horror of imagination. Upon deck, was the singing of the tempest through the cordage—more dismal than any death-song that ever was heard, mingled with the harsh clanking of the machinery and the hollow voice of the captain; below were the piteous yells and fruitless lamentations of the passengers; and every where around were a sea and a sky, which fancy pictured as joining in fearful and to us final conflict.

Sickness or terrors, there was no inquiry which, soon held me and my fellow voyagers mute; and thus I was left to those goings forth of the imagination, which are in themselves, perhaps more awful and more agonizing than even the felt and seen realities of wo. * * * * * * *

In this state I remained till a faint and glimmering light showed me my companions, strewed promiscuously amid the furniture of the cabin, stupified by sickness, dripping with water, as insensible and as inanimate as that furniture itself.

As the morning broke, the storm subsided a little, and though the motion of the vessel continued unpleasant and even violent, I contrived to scramble out of my sleeping hold, and up the cabin stairs. The companion door was barred outside against my exit, and the men were bustling and running backwards and forwards upon the deck. I pleaded for permission to cast out one look upon that sky, which haply I might see no more, and another towards those waters, in which, if they should again rise and roll in their anger, I apprehended that my final and long abode should be taken up. My wishes were so far complied with, as that I could raise my head through the half-opened covering, and look around me; and certainly and gladly would I have undergone the horrors of another such a night, terrible as they were, for one glance at the glories of such a morning.

The wind still continued to blow in occasional or continued gusts; and its blowing had swept away every vestige of those rain clouds which, during the night, had made the sky appear as if commingling together in one deluge of chaos. The sea, as far as the eye could range on either hand, was lashed into billows, almost rivalling in height the topmast spar of our bark. The sun had just raised his disk above the ocean, and moving waters caught tenfold grandeur from his beams—grandeur of which those who live in the loveliest places of the firm land can scarcely have an idea. The dells between were dark as Erebus; and the sublime and solid billows came out in all the softening tints of azure and green. The wind gave to each a crest of smoking vapor, in which thousands of rainbows played their rich and enchanting hues. As the vessel threaded her way among these—now in the height, now in the hollow, now twining her way to the right hand, and now to the left—it seemed as though a reckless power was causing us to sweep onward among ten thousand volcanoes, each topped with its column of flame, and that exuberant nature was lavishing her brightest glories where there were few eyes to witness and to wonder. It was the grandeur of Nature herself, without a single touch of the handy work of man, and compared with which his happiest efforts were insignificant and tame. All the domes that he can raise, all the colors that he can mix, and all the gems that he can polish, were as nothing compared to the sublime contours and sparkling radiance of that maddening and tumultuous sea. Long did I gaze upon it; so long, indeed, that my imagination and all my other powers failed me, and I half walked, half tumbled back again into my resting place."

The following curious instance of eccentricity is copied from Dr. King's 'Anecdotes of his own Times.'

"About the year 1706, I knew one Mr. Howe, a sensible well natured man, possessed of an estate of 700*l.* or 800*l.* per annum: he married a young lady of a good family in the west of England, her maiden name was Mallet; she was agreeable in her person and manners and proved a very good wife. Seven or eight years after they had been married, he rose one morning very early, and told his wife he was obliged to go to the tower to transact some particular business; the same day, at noon, his wife received a note from him, in which he informed her that he was under a necessity of going to Holland, and should probably be absent three weeks or a month. He was absent from her seventeen years, during which time she neither heard from him, or of him. The evening before he returned, whilst she was at supper, and with some of her friends and relations, particularly one Dr. Rose, a physician, who had married her sister, a billet, without any name subscribed, was delivered to her, in which the writer requested the favor of her to give him a meeting the next evening in the Birdcage Walk, in St. James's Park. When she had read her billet, she tossed it to Dr. Rose, and laughing, "You see, brother," said she, "as old as I am, I have got a gallant."—Rose, who perused the note with more attention, declared it to be Mr. Howe's hand writing; this surprised all the company, and so much affected Mrs. Howe, that she fainted away; however she soon recovered, when it was agreed that Dr. Rose and his wife, with the other gentlemen and ladies who were then at supper, should attend Mrs. Howe the next evening to the Birdcage Walk; they had not been there more than five or six minutes, when Mr. Howe came to them, and after saluting his friends and embracing his wife, walked home with her, and they lived together, in great harmony from that time to the day of his death. But the most curious part of my tale remains to be related." When Howe left his wife, they lived in a house in Jermyn street, near St. James's church; he went no further than to a little street in Westminster, where he took a room, for which he paid five or six shillings a week, and changing his name, and disguising himself by wearing a black wig, (for he was a fair man,) he remained in his habitation during the whole of his absence. He had two children by his wife when he departed from her, who were both living at that time; but they both died young in a few years after. However during their lives, the second or third year after their father disappeared, Mrs. Howe was obliged to apply for an act of parliament, to procure a proper settlement of her husband's estate, and a provision for herself out of it during his absence, as it was uncertain whether he was alive or dead; this act he suffered to be solicited and passed, and enjoyed the pleasure of reading the progress of it in the votes, in a little coffee house, near his lodging, which he frequented.—Upon his quitting his house and family in the manner I have mentioned, Mrs. Howe at first imagined, as she could not conceive any other cause for such abrupt elopement, that he had contracted a large debt unknown to her, and by that means involved himself in difficulties which he could not easily surmount; and for some days she lived in continual apprehension of demands from creditors, of seizures, executions, &c. But nothing of this kind happened; on the contrary, he did not only leave his estate quite free and unincumbered, but he paid the bills of every tradesman with whom he had any dealings; and upon examining his papers in due time after he was gone, proper receipts and discharges were found from all persons, whether tradesmen or others, with whom he had any manner of transactions or money concerns.

Mrs. Howe after the death of her children, thought it proper to lessen her family of servants, and the expenses of her house keeping, and therefore removed from her house in Jermyn street to a little house in Brewer street, near Golden square. Just over against her lived one Salt, a corn chandler. About ten years after Howe's abdication, he contrived to make acquaintance with Salt, and was at length in such a degree of intimacy with him, that he usually dined with Salt once or twice a week. From the room in which they ate, it was not difficult to look into Mrs. Howe's dining-room, where she generally sat and received her company; and Salt, who believed Howe to be a bachelor, frequently recommended his own wife to him as a suitable match. During the last seven years of this gentleman's absence, he went every Sunday to St. James's church, and Mrs. Howe was always in Mr. Salt's seat, where he had a view of his wife, but could not easily be seen by her. After he returned home he never would confess, even to his intimate friends, what was the real cause of such singular conduct; apparently, there was none; but whatever it was he was certainly ashamed to own it.

"London is the only place in all Europe where a man can find a secure retreat, or remain if he pleases, many years unknown. If he pays constantly for his lodgings, for his provisions, and for whatsoever else he wants, no body will ask a question concerning him, or inquire whence he comes, whither he goes, &c.

TRUE LOVE.

True love hath wordless language all its own,
Heard by the heart;—and yet there's eloquence
Beyond their meaning—yes, a thrilling sense
Oft-times in words,—when a kind voice hath grown
(By sweet thoughts fed) into a tremulous tone
Of dear emotion, which may haply seem
To others nothing—and yet shed a gleam
Along an anxious heart—for then alone
That under-breathed, affection-touched power
Out-thrills a thousand doubts. O, peerless hour—
When, from one word thus uttered falteringly,
Within the heart there springs up suddenly
A feeling far from earthly things removed—
The first young feeling that we are not all *un*-loved.

CURE FOR TOBACCO CHEWING.

Having recently discovered a remedy for the above-mentioned disgraceful practice, I hasten to make it public (not deeming it practicable to secure a patent) and shall consider myself abundantly compensated, should it be the means of checking this growing evil.

Chamomile Flowers used in its stead, relieves satisfactorily that longing, or *hankering* sensation, so common to an habitual tobacco chewer, they can be procured in abundance at the Druggists' stores.

Chamomile flowers are serviceable as a tonic, in loss of appetite, dispepsia, &c. are an antispasmodic well suited to nervous debility: consequently, preferable to the nauseous Indian weed (say nothing of the disgusting effluvia of the latter) inasmuch, as swallowing the saliva is wholesome and beneficial to the constitution, whereas, parting with it is debilitating and injurious.

I only recommend to those who have *unconsciously* become wedded to the loathsome practice of chewing tobacco, and who wish to wean themselves from it, equally *unconsciously*, to make trial of the Chamomile: they will very soon become accustomed to the taste, (which is not disagreeable) and find themselves much benefitted by the change.

Parting with the saliva (assists indigestion,) creates thirst; thus we almost invariably find in an inveterate tobacco chewer, an inclination to drink often. I attribute the besetting sin of drunkenness, in a great measure to the free use of tobacco, for the two vices seem to be inseparable in a great degree, as there is hardly a drunkard in one thousand, who is not a tobacco chewer. As I have touched upon the ruinous and growing evil, drunkenness, or drinking to excess) it may be meet at this time to prescribe for that, viz.—A cup of hot coffee at 11 o'clock, instead of a stiff glass of brandy and water. Spirituous liquors when first taken, produce an agreeable and pleasant effect on the system, but that effect soon vanishes, and leaves the patient much more debilitated, hence the hankering for more to restore him to his wonted spirits. Coffee promotes digestion, nourishes and strengthens the system, and no danger can be apprehended from its frequent use—it can be obtained now at all hours, at the most respectable *grog shops*, I beg pardon, *refectories* in the city.

A FRIEND TO THE HUMAN RACE.

There is as much wisdom in bearing with other people's defects, as of being sensible of their good qualities—and we should make the follies of others a warning and instruction to ourselves, rather than a subject of mirth and mockery of those that commit them.

To judge impartially, we are to put men's good qualities in the balance against their bad ones—and if the scale of the first outweighs, the latter ought not to be brought into account.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE MUSINGS OF A SOLITARY HOUR.

I love to gaze upon a picture of one of those ruined castles which so frequently arrest the attention of the European traveller: while I contemplate the fretted arch now mouldering and broken; the disjointed columns, around which the ivy is entwining itself; the sculptured windows, once hung with rich tapestry, but whose light is now intercepted only by the long grass, and the creeping brier; my mind involuntarily reverts to the days of its magnificence and strength, when the feudal banner floated over its now crumbling battlements; when the clangour of the trumpet, the prancing of the charger, the clashing of the lance against the mail of the rider, and the shouts of ardent warriors, re-echoed in the court-yard, where no sound is heard save the noise of the wind as it sweeps over its weedy surface, and howls around its dilapidated walls—my fancy then depicts the hall, where silence and desolation now reign, prepared for the banquet of the tournament; the sounds of high festivity, the song of the bard chaunting to his harp the deeds of the departed brave, are heard; the cuirass is thrown aside; the implements of war are hung up among the garlands that decorate the wall; the fears embroidered by the hand of beauty is proudly displayed upon their persons; their eyes gleam with exultative fire, while the aged minstrel celebrates the daring achievements of their ancestors;—But why continue such a description?

I love to look upon a picture of a monastic ruin: I behold it as it was in ages past; the monk with his face concealed by his cowl, steals along the solemn cloisters, where the owl and the bat have now taken up their undisturbed habitation; I hear the tinkling of the chapel bell; I listen to the deep swell of the organ along the vaulted roof, where the only music which now meets the ear is the wild birds' scream; and I think I hear the voices of the nuns, whose very tomb-stones have long since disappeared, pouring upon the gentle breeze of sunset, the melody of the vesper hymn. When I consider what these relics of antiquity have been, and what they now are, my imagination wings its flight to a time, when the edifices to which we point with pride, as the lasting monuments of our munificence and taste, will inspire him who wanders thro' their deserted courts, or muses over some lingering memento of their former possessors, with the same feelings as those by which I myself am now animated. It is salutary to indulge at times in such reflections; they send a pensive but not painful feeling to the soul, and cause us to survey, with just contempt, the unworthy objects for which men are struggling and contending, and to raise our thoughts to that world, where change and decay are never known.

When we look back, and pause over the attractive scenes of other ages, we perceive a momentary feeling of regret gliding over us as we reflect that they can never again be realized—there is something melancholy in the thought, that any object which elevates and pleases us, should depart forever. When the scenes of other ages extend themselves before the mental eye, our fancy clothes them with a loveliness which is not their own; it is like gazing upon a distant landscape glowing with the last beams of the setting sun—every thing that would offend or disgust is hidden from us, and all that is really beautiful is heightened and adorned—so it is when we recall the days of childhood, that sigh from their unalloyed joys, their marvelous serenity of soul, their felicitous anticipations, can never again be experienced; and so it is when, in old age, we look back upon the busy days of ripened manhood—it is all—all a sweet illusion. I call it a sweet illusion, for it is to this we owe all the pleasures of retrospection—such is the singular frame of our minds, that though the past appear so delightful, so far superior to the present, that one would be apt to think the contrast would necessarily diffuse over the soul, the gloom of dissatisfaction and dejection; yet where is the man whose bosom does not respond to the truth and elegance of the language of Ossian, when he says, "The music of Carril was like the memory of joys that are past, pleasant and mournful to the soul." Yes it is a kind dispensation of Providence, a happy faculty of our mental constitution, for which our hearts should gush with gratitude towards him, that the phantoms of past pleasures, if virtuous and rational, and even the images of those departed friends, in whose society we once tasted all we have ever known of the enjoyment, which we call up, bestow a calm meditative feeling, a tender emotion, no agreeable pensiveness, that we often prefer to the laugh of mirth, the sparkling of wit, or the very mantling of extravagant hilarity—else why are we so fond of pondering over the past? why do we love when the glare of day is over, when the lustre of the west is dying away, and serious twilight approaches—why do we love to retire to some lonely and silent place, and withdrawing our attention from the world by which we are surrounded, live again among those dear objects, and move through those scenes of gladness, which memory has cherished, and which in this season of comparative tranquility, this hour when all nature breathes into us as it were the spirit of contemplative repose, she brings so forcibly before our inward gaze? and why do we experience a sensation of chagrin, at being disturbed by a summons to gay amusement or lively company? or wherefore does a sad and vague delight lave our soul, a "sweet and painful" feeling penetrate to the very core of the heart, while we sit and listen to some old tune, or song, or story, which has nothing but its associations to recommend it, and indulge the unsettled reveries, and imperfect images which it occasions? Is it not because it is delicately linked with

"Some social scene, some dear familiar face."

When we consider the propensity of the imagination to embellish, we can account without difficulty for the enthusiasm of those, who turn from what they think the dullness of the actual paths of existence, and derive their chief gratification from meditating among the memorials of past ages; or, who love to sit "loose upon the shores of old romance," and who seem to think that the great of elder times, occupy those heights of excellence, which the great of modern times have never reached, and towards which they are forever doomed to cast the eye of disappointed hope. Much as I love to roam with the historic muse, and mix with the illustrious of antiquity, and often as I have been entranced at the sublimity of their genius, or the majesty of their virtue; genius, which the most exalted of their successors can only hope to equal, and virtue which none but super-human intelligences can ever expect to surpass; yet I think it must be admitted, that the aggregate of those who are now moving over the variable stage of life, when viewed with strict impartiality, when compared with what mankind at any former period really were, not with what we may fancy them to have been, will be found to be mentally and morally superior to those who have ever appeared upon it; and let it be remembered, that the intellectual cultivation of the distinguished men of antiquity, is rendered more striking, from the ignorance by which they were surrounded: their virtues make a powerful impression, for they are isolated and conspicuous; they are not lost

to a general light, but stand out in strong relief—this is one of the reasons why they fasten themselves upon the mind with peculiar tenacity, why they fascinate so much in youth, and why we so frequently refer to them in after-life. The instances of extraordinary virtue which modern times present, are not greater than those which are afforded by the ages of antiquity; but the number of virtuous men is much greater, and the uniformity of their morality is far superior; and, however the pedantic may exclaim, I do not hesitate to say, that the works of modern authors are equal in genius to any thing which the ancient world has produced, and superior in all that is truly valuable and instructive. We have been accustomed to regard the latter with a veneration approaching to idolatry, and the effect has been injurious. It has chilled the spirit of invention, and caused us to admire that which was faulty, to imitate that which was erroneous, and to neglect or deny the claims of modern merit. Under the influence of this prejudiced veneration, with the works of all the great masters before them, and at this refined period of human society, the originality which many authors have displayed, is the strongest evidence that the extention of intelligence does not necessarily diminish the powers of the imagination, and that genius is not as some would have it, imperiously controuled by external circumstance.

I hope and believe that man is advancing; his path may be, as it has been, rendered devious and winding by national revolutions, popular tumults, conflicting interests, and various accidents; but its tendency has still been, and will be upwards. Surely the light of true philosophy has not been shed abroad, the garden of science has not been weeded, cleared from the accumulated rubbish of many years, and its boundaries extended, the advantages of education have not been so generally distributed, and all for nought! as well might it be supposed that the fertilizing showers would fall without effect, upon the parched and thirsty earth; that the seeds deposited in a rich soil, would lay and never germinate, never reward the toil of the husbandman with the signs of a harvest; as that the voice of knowledge should be heard in vain; it must and will have a beneficial influence upon the mind and character; its aim is to improve and dignify the nature of man, to give a tone of amiability and gentleness to his manners; and however its influence may be combatted and impeded by untoward circumstances, and unfortunate occurrences, it will not altogether fail of its effect: the history of our species—the experience of our lives—a moderate degree of attention to the events that are passing before our eyes—are sufficient to make this plain, even to demonstration.

The endeavours which are made by some to spread a belief, that man is on the decline, and his energies diminishing, that he has seen the best of his days, and passed the youth of his magnanimity, are highly impolitic—they leave the damp of depression upon the soul, and paralize exertion. To tell a person that he cannot accomplish, is not the best way of inducing him to strive; to instil into him a belief that the object of his pursuit is beyond his attainment, is hardly calculated to add vigor to his perseverence. To convince us that we can never excel what our fathers have done; that we can never go before them in the road towards perfection; that we should look up to them as exemplars, which to resemble and imitate will be our highest praise; would only be to fetter the intellect, to induce us to sit down in slothful content under the superinnuated weight of old prejudices, absurd customs, and antiquated institutions, and to put us at length in the situation of the bird, which, pressed down by the hand within a circle of chalk, feels an inability to break the line which she perceives around her, and remains a fancied prisoner. We owe little gratitude to these pertinacious sticklers of prescription; these indiscriminating votaries of what has been; these plodding intellects that would never deviate from the beaten track of their forefathers; but who hug to their bosoms every thing that is old, merely because it is old; and would discourage every scheme which has for its end the advantage or improvement of the human race, merely because it was not discovered by their ancestors, or is in opposition to some of the code and erroneous conceptions of their idols of antiquity. If we are determined to respect nothing but what has the sanction of age to recommend it, we shall do all we can to put a final stop to the progress of information, and will be guilty of the absurd presumption of saying to the active intellect of man, "Thou canst go no further." Let us not fall into the other extreme however, and suppose that we of the present day so infinitely surpass all who have preceded us, that their labours are entitled to little consideration, and their opinions are of little importance; that every thing is valuable which can boast of novelty or originality; and that the wave of revolution should sweep away the institutions which have been reared with care, merely because the dust of antiquity is resting upon them. The propensity to find fault with the metes and bounds, the maxims, rules, and ordinances, which our forefathers laid down for themselves; which enabled them to walk in uprightness and integrity; and which consequently offer to us the highest evidence of their worth; though by no means so common a failing, as the one against which we have spoken, has, however, been displayed, and that most injuriously, by more than one able man of the present day. The source of this is often vanity; the vanity of being singular, and appearing above vulgar prejudice and popular superstition: truth is often a medium between two extremes; a narrow pathway with strong temptations on either side to lead us astray. Few are the gifted ones that follow it without wavering, and happy is he whose aberrations are but short and seldom. A belief in our high capabilities; that we are destined to fulfil them; that we are progressing towards the fulfilment; but that we are still at a very, very great distance from it; seems to be a correct, and is certainly a serviceable one. The belief that we are in a state of progression, will incite and encourage us; and the conviction that the goal of our race is afar off, and that man is doomed to toil on for ages ere he reach it; that his bark must endure the buffeting of adverse winds and experience many oscillations in her course, before she anchors in the desired haven; will prevent a vain confidence, repress a spirit of arrogance, and silence the lulling suggestions of self-sufficiency.

J. B. S.

ERIN MA VOURNEEN.

By T. Moore, Esq.

When the pure soul of honour shall cease to inspire thee,
And Kind hospitality leave thy gay shore,
And the nations that know thee shall cease to admire thee,
Then, Erin ma Vourneen! I'll love thee no more.

When the trumpet of Fame shall cease to proclaim thee,
Of heroes the curse, as images of yore;
And the muse and the records of genius disclaim thee,
Then, Erin ma Vourneen! I'll love thee no more!

When thy brave sons shall cease to be generous and witty,
And cease to be loved by the fair they adore,
And thy daughters shall cease to be virtuous and pretty,
Then, Erin ma Vourneen! I'll love thee no more!

ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

The world never yet saw so extravagant a government as the government of England. Not only is economy not practised, but it is despised, and the idea of it connected with disaffection, jacobinism, and Joseph Hume. Every rock in the ocean where a cormorant can perch, is occupied by our troops—has a governor, deputy governor, storekeeper, deputy storekeeper—and will soon have an arch-deacon and a bishop. Military colleges, with 34 professors, educating 17 ensigns per annum, being half an ensign for each professor, with every species of nonsense, athleric, satorial and plumigerous. A just and necessary war costs this country about one hundred thousand pounds a minute, whip-cord, fifteen thousand pounds; red tape, seven thousand pounds; lace for drummers and fifers, nineteen thousand pounds; a pension to one man who has broken his head at the Pole; to another who has shattered his leg at the Equator; subsidies to Persia; secret service money to Thibet; an annuity to Lady Henry Somebody, and her seven daughters—the husband being shot at some place where we never ought to have had any soldiers at all; and the elder brother returning four members to parliament.—Such a scene of extravagance, corruption and expense, as must analyze the industry, mar the fortunes of the most industrious, spirited people that ever existed!—[Radical Humbug.]

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

CHEERING NEWS,

For those who have the CONSUMPTION.

It is with much pleasure that we have the satisfaction to announce, that speedy relief has already followed the use of the PULMEL in several cases, which is much sooner than was anticipated. We have heard of two cases in the city, in which vain trials had been made of many remedies, while, by the use of the SYRUP OF PULMEL in milk, and inhaling the PULMEL BALSAM, under the direction of medical guides, for only a week, an immediate relief and change in the disease was produced, beyond the most sanguine expectations of those who witnessed the fact. These cases and many others will be published if medical statements can be procured: it is our intention to begin very soon the gradual publication of successful cures, and, if an opportunity offers, to have the PULMEL tried insome desperate cases of Typhus Phthisis.

This new article of Materia Medica is recommended earnestly to the attention of medical practitioners. It is not to be considered as a mere additional secret medicine, but as a new valuable compound substance. It is well known that the several nostrums offered for the consumption, by some ignorant herbalists, here and in the north, have for their basis *Digitalis, Sanguinana, Lobelia, Arsenic,* and *Prussiate,* which are either rank poisons or mere palliatives: while the PULMEL contains neither, and has for its basis some harmless active Plants, some of which have never been introduced before into our Materia Medica, and act specifically on the lungs. Medical gentlemen will be convinced of this, if needful, by confidential communications. Meantime those who have already used the PULMEL can testify how mild and pleasant it proves: it is found so sweet, fragrant and balsamic, that patients become fond of it.

To supply the increased demand, since all that was made is already disposed of, a large quantity is now preparing, and in future it will be manufactured on a large scale, so as to be able to supply distant places.

The papers who have published this great medical discovery, are invited to notice also this confirmation, and the happy results of the first public trials.

MEDICUS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

WILLIAM PENN.

The design of the Society established a few years since for the Commemoration of the Landing of the Founder of Pennsylvania, upon the shores of the Delaware, was to portray the character, and perpetuate just and grateful recollections of the services of the illustrious lawgiver and his companions. This generous purpose, it was believed, could be carried into effect, by the annual delivery of discourses—by preserving representations of scenes of great interest—and also by constructing monuments at various points, distinguished by events that shed lustre over our early annals.

Influenced by sentiments of this kind, the Directors of that Society have made arrangements with Mr. *Sully,* for the execution of an Historical Picture, of *the Landing at New Castle, on the 24th of October,* 1682, a work, the extent and composition of which, will necessarily require much time to complete.

Some appropriate memorial will no doubt be devised, to do honour to *Upland,* (now Chester,) the *first Capital of Pennsylvania,* where the government was organized, and the *Great Law* was given.

The coming of Penn to *Coaquannock,* (the place of the tall Pine Trees,) and the foundation and laying out there of the beautiful City of Philadelphia, is an event, which can only be illustrated, when the funds of the Society shall hereafter be adequate to that cherished object.

The next Transaction in point of time, was the Grand Council of the Founder and the Indians.—This was held at *Shackamaxon,* (now Kensington) as Mr. *Roberts Vaux* has satisfactorily shown, in his memoir in the Historical transactions. That situation was selected, because it was a favorite resort of the natives, where some of the first emigrants, members of the Society of Friends, originally bound for West New Jersey, had taken up their abode, more than a year antecedent to the arrival of Penn in the Delaware.

The memorable Treaty which exhibited the most sublime spectacle of peaceful confidence and virtuous courage, and which taught the most valuable and imposing lesson of Christian justice and benevolence, of which the history of human affairs furnishes any evidence, *was held at Shackamaxon.* The place where so distinguished a transaction occurred, ought to be regarded with veneration to the latest time.—For many generations, it was designated by a great Elm Tree, the branches of which formed a canopy for the parties, who there sealed a compact of peace and faith, and friendship, which neither of them ever violated! But the stately and ancient land mark, so long an object of respect, was prostrated during a storm in 1810, and soon after that event, many other changes occurred in that vicinity, contributing to obliterate the remembrance of the *place* where, and perhaps also, in some measure, to obscure the *principles* upon which that Treaty was made. To rescue the locality from oblivion, and to preserve in honorable recollection, the righteous deeds performed upon it, so far as these ends might be within their power, was a duty which the Directors of the Penn Society were anxious to fulfil. A Committee was accordingly appointed, consisting of *Roberts Vaux, Joseph Parker Norris* and *John Bacon, Esquires,* with authority to cause a suitable memorial to be placed there, if the proprietor of the soil would grant permission. The consent of the heirs of the late Mr. *Matthew Vandusen* being obtained, a marble monument has been erected on the spot, bearing the following inscriptions, viz.

On the North, TREATY GROUND, OF WILLIAM PENN, AND THE INDIAN NATIVES, 1682 UNBROKEN FAITH.	*On the South.* WILLIAM PENN, BORN 1644. DIED 1718.
On the West. PLACED BY THE PENN SOCIETY. A. D. 1827. TO MARK THE SCITE OF THE GREAT ELM TREE.	*On the East.* PENNSYLVANIA FOUNDED 1681, BY DEEDS OF PEACE.

The position of this monument is on the bank of the Delaware, at Kensington, near the intersection of Hanover and Beach streets.

EARLY MARRIAGES.

A medical correspondent of the Portland Patriot, thinks it would be advantageous for females to pass their 24th or 25th year before they subject themselves to the cares and fatigues of a married life; as the constitution of few women can be regarded as firmly established until after their 20th year. Every female who does not have an offer to her taste previous to that age, will applaud his advice; but such as may meet with husbands to their minds, will judge of their own fitness, and laugh at the Doctor.

THE EVENING POST.

OFFICE No. 112 CHESNUT STREET.

$3 PER ANNUM—*in advance.*

All subscriptions if not paid within the year, will be charged $3—and $1 25 for six months

LITERARY.

Washington Irving, it is said, has finished the first volume of Columbus's Life, and forwarded it to London and Philadelphia for publication.

Messrs. Brannan and Brown have issued proposals for publishing at Washington, a new periodical on American arts and sciences, to be entitled "The American Museum of Arts and Sciences."

"The Eloquence of the United States," a work in five handsome octavo volumes, containing some of the finest specimens of American eloquence since the beginning of the revolution till the present, has just been published by Mr. Williston, in Middletown, Connecticut. The style of its execution is highly creditable, and worthy of the subject.

The "Fredoniad," an epic poem, in 4 vols. on the late war, by R. Emmons, M. D. a native of Boston, will shortly appear from the press of Messrs. Monroe & Francis, and the edition is nearly all taken up by subscription, only about fifty copies remaining. The work is dedicated to *Gen. Lafayette.*

The printing office of Mr. Jesper Harding, in Carter's alley, leading from Third street, opposite Mr. Girard's Banking House, to Second street, was on Wednesday morning between 7 and 8 o'clock nealy destroyed by fire. A lad was kindling a fire in the drying room, when a spark accidentally communicated to some sheets of paper, which burned with such rapidity as to communicate to almost the whole contents of the room before any assistance could be obtained. Notwithstanding the usual alacrity of our firemen, a great proportion of the materials, in the upper rooms of the building, were entirely destroyed, or very materially injured.—The upper rooms contained types, stereotype plates, and printed sheets, valued, as we have heard differently stated, at from 17 to 22,000 dollars. Only a part of the amount was the property of Mr. Harding. He was insured for $5,000, by the American Insurance Company. Mr. Maloney, the owner of the building, had not insured his property—he is peculiarly unfortunate, having lost his family dwelling house last winter. As Mr. Harding is extensively engaged in printing, it is feared that many of the periodicals will be delayed. Some injury was sustained in the adjoining bindery.

The court of over and terminer commenced in this city, on Monday. Chief Justice Gibson and Judge Tod hold it. Judge Rogers sits in the court of nisi prius, now in session. A verdict of not guilty has been rendered in the case of Francis C. Wemyss, charged with vending illegal lottery tickets.

PRINCE METTERNICH.

It is stated in a letter from Vienna, that this distinguished nobleman, the greatest diplomatist in Europe is about to lead a plebian to the altar, in the person of Mademoiselle de Leykam. She is the daughter of a female French opera dancer—young, and very pretty.—All the Austrian Aristocracy are in commotion at this misalliance. It is even said that the credit of this powerful diplomatist may be shaken by the circumstance.

A country paper says, "the most wholesome method of *chastising* a wife is by *kissing.*" This surpasses our intelligence. If a *kiss* be a punishment, what is the reward to consist in?—But we are bachelors, and cannot be expected to understand these things. What an exquisitely delicate precept is that of the Hindoo law, which says, "Strike not even with a blossom, a wife, though she be guilty of a hundred faults."—*Noah.*

MARCH OF MIND.

The march of mind, so conspicuous at the present crisis, is not unlike what soldiers call *Mark Time;* a prodigious noise and shuffling of feet, but no onward movement, a march, in fact, without an advance.—*Printer's Devil.*

THE STOMACH PUMP.

A gentleman belonging to Dedham, Mass. lost the power of swallowing food of any kind, in consequence of a paralytic shock on the 18th ult. The physician in attendance, consulted with Dr. John D. Fisher, of Philadelphia, who has recently imported a *stomach pump* from Paris. With this instrument a quantity of broth was thrown into his stomach with great ease, and the patient has been fed regularly twice a day since, and thus he has been prevented from starvation.

A lady in Williamstown, Mass. who had accidentally got a pin lodged in her throat, was relieved by an ingenious operation. The physician passed down a wire with a small piece of dry sponge at the end; and after letting it remain until the moisture of the throat had enlarged the sponge, drew it out and the pin with it.

In consequence of the great demand for mechanics, since the fire at Mobile, carpenters wages have advanced there to 5 dollars a day; and even at that price, it is impossible to engage enough of them. Here is a fine prospect for mechanics to emigrate to that city.

Of nearly two hundred houses burnt at Mobile on the 21st of October, all except two or three were wood. If they weresa is said, generally insured, the loss is a temporary individual evil; and if replaced by brick buildings, it will prove a permanent benefit to that city.

A NEW CITY IN NEW JERSEY.

On Friday week, the celebration of the founding of Jefferson City took place. The American colours were unfurled, a grand salute fired, and the company assembled were invited to a sumptuous dinner, at the house of John L. Hudson. Jefferson City is situated on Mount Prospect, about 14 miles from New York; and 5 miles from Newark. A hotel is now building there, and some mineral springs, said to be valuable, have been discovered. It is intended to make it a place of fashionable summer resort. The air is good and the views beautiful and extensive.

A disease is now prevalent in Halifax, (N. S.) similar to the small pox, which, in a great measure, baffles the skill of the physicians, and has actually destroyed several who had previously been inoculated. In some instances the flesh had literally rotted from the bone, before the breath was out of the body. It has not extended to the interior, and countrymen seem reluctant to bring their produce to market.

Theodore Hook, the prince of punsters, has been ridiculing for a long time the project of building an University in London, which some of the leading English Whigs started, and have nearly carried into operation. He spattered it with all sorts of jokes and sarcasms. It goes by the name of "the Cockney College," amongst the Tory sneerers. Hook's last joke—is that at a public meeting of the Faculty, it was solemnly resolved, to adopt hereafter the letter *h* in *hat.*

An interesting decision to dealers in lottery tickets has taken place before the Circuit Court of the District of Columbia. It is in substance that the holders of *shares* of lottery tickets, not signed by the managers, cannot recover any portion of a prize drawn to the number of their share, from the manager, but must look to the persons who *signed the shares.* They, and they only, are liable for the amount to which the prize share may be entitled. This is deserving the attention of those who purchase shares.

The Raleigh N. C. Register mentions the occurrence of a singular trial for forgery. "A man who is estimated to be worth two hundred thousand dollars, was indicted for the crime of forgery, and so conclusive was the evidence that the jury convicted him. What is still more remarkable, the amount which this individual, who has thus made shipwreck of his reputation, expected to gain was only thirty dollars. He has appealed to the Supreme Court."

The Bostonians were, during the last year, given not a little to croaking about the stagnation of trade in their city. They are now *cock-a-whoop* about its prosperity. We are glad to hear of it, and hope there never may be a point in the course of time, when their commerce, domestic or foreign, shall be stationary. The American interest is truly American. It should be confined to no one spot, and felt by no one community. The strongest chain of the Union will be that of universal prosperity.—*Noah.*

A gentleman of Philadelphia has invented a door of the following construction. The lower part of it is so constructed, that when the door is closed, a small longitudinal pannel is pressed down by a spring, so as to exclude that unwelcome portion of air that visits our fire sides through the chinks and crannies of loosely hung doors.

THE LIFE OF A GAMESTER.

All Paris has been drawn for some months past to one of the minor theatres, by a new drama, which, while it appears to violate all the unities, in reality possesses the essence of them. It is called "Thirty Years, or the Life of a Gamester." It is divided into three parts, and while the whole takes in thirty years, and thus violates the unity of time as much as Shakspeare did, yet each part is a single day, and is complete in itself. The incidents are terrific, but flow naturally from each other, and elucidate the folly, vice and guilt of a gambler in the most impressive manner. It is said to be the most popular piece which has appeared for many years.

The New York Gazette learn by way of Havana, that Commodore Porter has sailed for Cadiz Bay, with the frigate Libertad and brig Guerriero, both well manned, with the view of intercepting the frigate Peurla, which sailed from Havana on the 16th ult. with $750,000 in gold. The line of battle ship Sobrano is expected in Havana in all December, with 400 marines for the garrison. On the first of the month, the Spanish squadron at Havana was busily engaged in bending their sails, &c. and appeared to be in every respect in excellent order.

The New York debtors' prison received during the last year and the first ten months of this year, 1972 men, many of them for very small debts. The debtors, says the New York Enquirer, recently lost a powerful friend (Jeremiah Thompson) by the vicissitudes of commerce whose daily pleasure, during his colossal business operations, was to relieve the needy. Only 19 debtors are now in prison.

A fact is mentioned in the Richmond Enquirer, highly creditable to the wife of Snelson, the absconded Teller of the Bank of Virginia. Before he disappeared, he enclosed her $5000, which she promptly and honorably delivered to the Bank, refusing to participate in his illgotten gains. It is reported, that the sum missing exceeds the original estimate—and that it will not probably fall short of $50,000.

RHETORICAL FLOURISH.

A writer in a late Kentucky Gazette, in telling the public how many stations he has filled, like the famous Caleb Quotem, recounting his catalogue of professions and occupations—introduced the following rhetoric, which we conceive to contain a comparison entirely *original;* the author, therefore, is not in danger of being termed a plagiarist. "Although poetry is in a good deal out of *my* line; as having been first bred a clerk of the court; and next mercantile accountant; and afterwards having studied and practised the law; which profession I have almost entirely relinquished, from my great aversion to the practice; which occupations (clerking, merchandizing and jurisprudence) bear no more affinity or analogy to Belles Letters, or the Muses, than the mud on a swine's snout does to a quill in a seraph's wing."

NEW YORK CANALS.

The Collector at Albany has received this year, in tolls, an amount of $134,359.

The ice has obstructed the navigatien a good deal on the Eastern part of the Erie Canal. Between 200 & 300 boats were detained between Albany and Utica; and only a few worked their passage through and arrived at Albany on Saturday.

The Mayor of Mobile, in a letter to the Mayor of New Orleans, which states the loss of property in that city, by the late extensive conflagration, requests that mechanics may be encouraged to migrate to that place. The coming season will throw many of that class of citizens out of immediate employment, in the northern states, and the prospect of a good contract is held out to them.

The President of the United States has directed a circular to be drawn up, addressed to some of our consuls in foreign parts, requesting them to procure "all such trees and plants from other countries, not heretofore known in the United States, as may give promise, under proper cultivation, of flourishing and becoming useful, as well as superior varieties of such as are already cultivated here."

EPITOME OF NEWS.

The masons have commenced the work of reformation upon the house in Chesnut street, at the corner of the new street, with the intention of converting the lower front part into a post office.

In New York, last week, there were 100 deaths; in Philadelphia, 63; in Baltimore 28.

The Boston Traveller says—John Dickenson, recently from Philadelphia, has been conveyed from his lodgings, in Prince street, to Rainsford Island, with the small pox.

We understand that William Sampson, Esq. has been selected to write the biography of Mr. Emmet; and his excellency De Witt Clinton, to deliver the eulogy.

Two young men and several cattle, it is stated in a Vermont paper, have been bitten by a mad dog, in Addison county; the cattle had died.

A hideous looking animal supposed by some to be a sea dog, and by others to be a sea lion, was caught about two miles below Montreal, Canada, on the 8th inst.

On the 8th Sept. a very fine *Aurora Borealis* was observed throughout the whole of Denmark, to the north west. This phenomenon is said to forbode an early and a severe winter. As far as our own country is concerned, the indication is likely to prove a correct one.

The Virginia Bank has sent Mr. Wood to Europe after Snelson, the robber of the Petersburg branch. He sailed in the Canada, from New York on Friday week, for Liverpool. Snelson took with him, from Quebec, a large sum in specie.

The Exchange Coffee House, in Petersburg, Va. kept by Niblo, burnt down about a week ago, was insured for 34,400 dollars The London Phœnix office had 14,631 dollars on it.

The gale last week was so violent to the south, that the Potomac was nearly emptied of its waters, and every steamboat on the river was aground.

A New Orleans paper, in contradicting the reported death of Mr. Thibodeaux, says that Mr. T. is not only not dead, but "has never been dead."

The canal round the Falls of Ohio, at Louisville, is progressing towards completion. It will be finished next year. Labourers are much wanted at it.

There are forty-one gentlemen now living who were graduated at Yale College more than sixty years ago, and ninety four who were graduated at the same college before the revolution.

A church has been erected at Hartford, Connecticut, for the accommodation of the African population.

The legislature of Georgia met at Milledgeville on the 5th instant. Thomas Stocks, Esq. was chosen speaker of the house of representatives. Governor Forsyth was to be inducted into office the next day.

An Indiana paper states that a zealous clergyman in the midst of his sermon broke out thus—"my dear sisters, I have no doubt but that there are corset boards enough in this congregation, if collected together, *to shingle a hen-roost!*"

It is stated in the Portland Gazette that the governor of Maine has taken measures to assert our rights with regard to the land claimed by the British.

The prize of $50,000 drawn in the late New York Lottery, was divided into ten shares.

A girl employed in a cotton factory at Enfield, Mass. had her arm caught in a picking machine, and literally torn from her body.

A third establishment for the manufacture of White Flint Glass will commence at Pittsburg on the 1st of January.

Canvass-back and Red-head Ducks are found in unusual abundance this season, about the streams which empty into the head of Chesapeake Bay; and the markets have been stocked for some days, at an uncommonly low rate.

On the first of January next, it is estimated that France will have afloat 39 ships of the line, 35 frigates, and 194 smaller vessels. 170 vessels are in service.

A Geological Survey was lately made of Nova Scotia. Its Minerals are similar to those discovered in New Brunswick; but the most valuable and useful are Iron, Coal and Gypsum.

It is not yet two years since the bill authorising the commencement of the Pennsylvania Canal was introduced into the legislature of that state; and now, more than two hundred miles of canal are under contract!

Doctor Wadd mentions a case of one Samuel Jessup, who died at the age of 65, in 1817. This man, in the course of 21 years, took 226,934 pills and 40,000 bottles of mixture!

The Chinese are said to have an Encyclopedia of 34 volumes, written or compiled by Young-hong-chan.

Governor Cass, of Michigan Territory, has issued his proclamation, appointing the 22d inst. a day of public thanksgiving and prayer.

According to the late census, there are more than thirty thousand alien inhabitants in the city of New York.

A paper printed somewhere beyond the Alleghany mountains, says, that twelve thousand persons were hung in England in the year 1826. If they were, they must have been cut down again, for they did not die. The number was probably about 100.

Mrs. Royall is on a visit to the citizens of Vermont.

It is stated in a report recently made to the city council of Boston, that the gross proceeds of all the three semi annual sales of the New England Society amount to nine hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars.

On Thursday last a beautiful horse belonging to the Circus in Providence, trotted against time a full mile in three minutes one second. The bets on him were lost but by one second.

The American Farmer talks of a line of Telegraphs from Washington to New York to convey intelligence in 20 minutes.

The new Catholic church at Green Bay has been destroyed by fire.

Dr. John Godman has been appointed professor of anatomy in the National Academy of Design at New York.

A monument is to be erected in New York to the memory of the late Mr. Emmet. One gentleman, who was a witness of the sudden and awful circumstances of his death, has himself subscribed nearly the amount necessary to complete the monument.

A servant girl at a boarding house in Dey street, New York, while clenching a window in the fourth story, on Saturday, fell out, and was instantly killed.

The London New River Works at Islington "discharge every twenty-four hours 214,000 hogsheads of sixty-three gallons each." This exceeds the rate of 8916 hogsheads every hour, or 165 hogsheads every minute.

There are twelve daily papers published in London, twelve in Paris, and before the discontinuance a few weeks since of the Times, there were twelve in New-York.

It is stated that by the new contracts for transporting the mails, on all the important routes, there has been great increase of expedition provided for, as well as additional accommodations on many of them, by an increase of the number of weekly trips.

Two thousand dollars have already been subscribed at Quebec, towards the erection of a monument to the memory of Wolfe and Montcalm.

The St. Augustine Herald says "This is an abundant season for the orange crops, and the exports will be large. It is estimated that the groves in and around this city will amount to about 2,000,000. The export of the week is about 400,000. Many vessels are needed to carry away what remains."

A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer informs, that in Ontario county *every family is already supplied* with a Bible; 401 families which had no part of the Bible, and 110 which had only the New Testament, having been supplied within the last two years.

In a distant place a man lately quarrelled about a female, and broke his neighbor's head with the vessel he was drinking from. The sufferer will never more sing

"My sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher."

SILK.

The Editor of the Pennsylvania Village Record has seen specimens of Sewing Silk made by the daughters of Jas. Wollaston, Esq. They made, from about 800 worms, 100 skeins. For evenness of thread and delicacy of colouring, it would bear a favorable comparison with Italian or French silk. Some have supposed that, feeding the silk-worm could not be profitable, until intricate machinery and rare skill in the manufacture of silk goods, should be introduced here. It is not so; near a million of dollars a year of the article, in the simple form of sewing silk—as easily made as shoe thread—is annually imported. As to the rest, if the raw material be produced abundantly, manufacturies will rise up, of course. The editor has still a thousand or two of the Italian mulberry to give away. They are not large, being of this year's growth, and can be taken in a handkerchief. An hundred will be given to each person sending. The roots are fine and vigorous. Application should be made within two weeks, if possible, at his garden, at Springville, a mile below West-Chester, Pa.

At Verdun, in France, among other means resorted to in order to plunder the English, a gaming-table was set up for their sole accommodation; and, as usual, led to scenes of great depravity and horror. For instance; "An unfortunate young man, in order to while away the tedious hours after a party, was enticed into this sink of iniquity, when he was tempted to throw on the table a half-crown; he won, and repeated the experiment several evenings, till at length he lost. The manager immediately offered him a 'rouleau' of fifty pounds, which, in the heat of play, he thoughtlessly accepted, and lost. He then drew a bill on his agent, which Captain Jahleel Brenton endorsed; this he also lost; he drew two others, which met the same fate; and the next morning he was found dead in his bed, with his limbs much distorted, and his fingers buried in his sides. On his table was found an empty laudanum bottle, and scraps of paper whereon he had been practising the signature of Captain Brenton. On inquiry it was found that he forged that officer's name to the two last bills. Thus did a once respectable young man meet a most dreadful and disgraceful end, from being exposed, at too early a period in life, to the temptation of gambling. Another circumstance also occurred, the atrocity of which was somewhat tinged with the ludicrous. A clerk, named Chambers, losing his monthly pay, which was his all, at the gaming-table, begged to borrow of the managers, but they knew his history too well to lend without security, and therefore demanded something in pawn. "I have nothing to give," replied the youth, "but my ears." "Well," said one of the witty demons, "let us have them." The youth immediately took out of his pocket a knife, and actually cut off the fleshy part of one of his ears, and threw it on the table, to the astonishment of the admiring gamesters; he received his two dollars, and gambled on.

The walls of Gibralter have been lately repaired, and are now, perhaps, the most beautiful specimens of fortifications in the world. They are built of large stones, cut out of a rock, which are extremely hard, of a whitish color, and have all the appearance, and, indeed, consistency of marble. The Moorish castle, which overlooks the town, and probably has stood there 500 or 600 years, is built entirely of brick. It bears sad marks still of the siege which the gallant Elliot, with 6000 men, sustained for more than three years against the combined armies and fleets of France and Spain. It is now a prison. There are about 600 guns mounted at present; and about 980 altogether could be put in activity in case of a siege.

Francis Uibach was executed by the Guillotine, at Paris, on the 30th of September last, for the murder of Aimee Mullot, a girl of 15, for having rejected him as a lover. The crowd was immense. Uibach arrived at the foot of the ladder which conducted him to the platform of the Guillotine one minute after four o'clock, was standing alive on the platform the next minute, was dead the minute after, and the whole painful ceremony was over, and the body removed, at five minutes after four o'clock. Nothing can be more expert than the executioners. The criminal was helpless, hopeless, wretchedness embodied. The crowd stood with their heads uncovered, and with breathless expectation awaited the fall of the fatal stroke. Not a murmur, not a sob, not a word was heard.

CHURCHES IN MASSACHUSETTS.

It appears from a sketch of the history of Northampton, published in the Hampshire Gazette, that the second meeting house built in Massachusetts, west of Lancaster, was erected at Northampton, in the year 1655. The first was built at Springfield. By the contract for building it, still on record, the house at Northampton was to be paid for, the frame and, covering was £14 sterling, in work or corn. The roof was thatched. The number of families at that time probably did not exceed twenty. A larger house was built between 1661 and 1665, and the present house standing on the same spot, is the 4th. In 1677, 78, and 79, Jedediah Strong was paid 18 shillings sterling a year, for blowing the trumpet. In the record of this fact, the purpose for which the trumpet is sounded, is not mentioned, but it is supposed to have been for the purpose of announcing the hour of divine service on the Sabbath, there being no bell, and time pieces being very uncommon. It is mentioned in the article above quoted, from which these facts are taken that there was not a time piece in the village, during Mr. Mather's ministry, except his watch.

Difference between the Singular and Plural.—When William, Prince of Orange, landed in England, he said to the people, whom he first met, "I come for your good—for all your *goods.*"

GOOD NIGHT TO THE SEASON.

"Thus runs the World away."—HAMLET.

Good night to the season! 'tis over!
Gay dwellings no longer are gay;
The courtier, the gambler, the lover,
Are scattered, like swallows, away;
There's nobody left to invite one,
Except my good uncle and spouse;
My mistress is bathing at Brighton,
My patron is sailing at Cowes:
For want of a better employment,
Till Ponto and Don can get out,
I'll cultivate rural enjoyment,
And angle immensely for trout.

Good night to the season! the lobbies,
The changes, and rumours of change,
Which started the rustic Sir Bobbies,
And made all the Bishops look strange;
The breaches, and battles, and blunders,
Performed by the Commons and Peers;
The Marquis's eloquent thunders,
The Baronet's eloquent ears;
Denouncing of Papists and treasons,
Of foreign dominion and oats;
Misrepresentations of reasons,
And misunderstanding of notes.

Good night to the season! the buildings
Enough to make Inigo sick;
The paintings, and plasterings, and gildings,
Of stucco, and marble and brick;
The orders deliciously blended,
From love of effect into one,
The club-houses only intended,
The palaces only begun;
The hell where the fiend, in his glory,
Sits staring at putty and stones,
And scrambled from story to story,
To rattle at midnight his bones.

Good night to the season! the dances,
The filings of hot little rooms,
The glancing of rapturous glances,
The fancyings of fancy costumes;
The pleasures which fashion makes duties,
The praisings of fiddles and flutes,
The luxury of looking at beauties,
The tedium of talking to mutes;
The female diplomatists, planners
Of matches for Laura and Jane,
The ice of her ladyship's manners,
The ice of his lordship's champaign.

Good night to the season! the rages
Led off by the chiefs of the throng,
The lady Matilda's new pages,
The lady Eliza's new song;
Miss Fennell's maeaw, which at Boodle's
Is held to have something to say;
Mrs. Splenetic's musical Poodles,
Which bark, "Batti, batti," all day;
The pony Sir Arabia sported,
As hot and as black as a coal,
And the Lion his mother imported,
In bear-skins and grease from the pole.

Good night to the season! the Toso,
So very majestic and tall;
Miss Ayton, whose singing was so so,
And Pasta, divinest of all;
The labour in vain of the ballet,
So sadly deficient in stars;
The foreigners thronging the Alley,
Exhaling the breath of cigars;
The "loge," where some heiress, how killing!
Environed with Exquisites sits,
The lovely one out of her drilling,
The silly one out of her wits.

Good night to the season! the splendour
That beamed in the Spanish Bazaar;
Where I purchased, my heart was so tender—
A card-case, a pasteboard guitar,—
A bottle of perfumes,—a girdle,—
A lithographic Riego full grown,
Whom bigotry drew on a hurdle,
That artists might draw on a stone,—
A small panorama of Seville,—
A trap for demolishing flies,—
A caricature of the Devil,—
And a look from Miss Sheridan's eyes.

Good night to the season! the flowers,
Of the grand horticultural fete,
When the boudoirs were quitted for bowers,
And the fashion was not to be late;
When all who had money and leisure
Grew rural o'er ices and wines,
All pleasantly toiling for pleasure,
All hungrily pining for pines,
And making of beautiful speeches,
And marring of bountiful shows,
And feeding on delicate peaches,
And treading on delicate toes.

Good night to the season! another
Will come with its trifles and toys,
And hurry away, like his brother;
In sunshine and odour and noise,
Will it come with a rose or a briar?
Will it come with a blessing or curse?
Will its bonnets be lower or higher?
Will its morals be better or worse?
Will it find me grown thinner or fatter,
Or fonder of wrong or of right?
Or married or buried?—no matter;
Good night to the season! Good night!

New Monthly Mag.

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1827.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We were much gratified in hearing once more from our old friends *Pasquin* and *Ida*—we have always held them in the kindliest remembrance.—Added to personal esteem, we owe them much for past favours, and will always be happy to receive any communications it will be convenient for them to make. We hope they will take it in good part when we say we cannot comply with their request in relation to the *Casket*. The contributions they have forwarded shall be published as soon as possible.

The *Milford Bard* must excuse our seeming remissness. Every thing is in the proper train, and in a few weeks his wishes will be gratified.

Ignatius, *Rosabel*, and *A Friend to Truth*, are received.

Our lively correspondent *Nora*, has our thanks for the many favours she has bestowed upon us.—Some of her late communications are very piquant and agreeable, but we dare not venture their publication. "Self-righteousness" is a well-told story, but would bring us into evil repute among a large class of our respected fellow-citizens; and "*Dr. Timothy Stickem*" we fear would be considered personal. "Frederick Lorenza" we shall publish; the transformation is well imagined.

The stanzas furnished by "Lilla" are very pretty. Those commencing "When skies with summer tints are deck'd," we shall give in our next.

Lucy "To an Absentee" is not without merit. We shall endeavour to make room for it.

Crispianus wants polish. He must practice before he can appear in public.

"Olden Times," S. B. I. and "An Epitaph" Q. are very creditable.

Lines "To some Friends in affliction," came too late for insertion this week.

"Extracts from the journal of a voyage to Canton," contain no new information. We are obliged, however, to the correspondent who furnished them.

The Suicide is altogether too sentimental.

Ivanhoe to Imogene next week.

It was a part of the mournful reflection of a great man over the grave of "one which in old age, and after a long career of life had in full maturity sunk at last into rest," that he had experienced every species of vicissitude to which social life was liable—"he had beheld the face of his country undergoing many alterations, and the very city in which he dwelt, rising in a manner *new* around him."

In our days of mental and physical activity, a long career of life is not necessary for us to see the face of our country undergoing many alterations—nor is a maturity of years required for us to remark that our city, in which we dwell, has risen in a manner new around us. The hand of diligence that maketh rich, has been steadily employed—the calculting head, the philanthropic heart, and the busy workings of genius have afforded their possessors no quiet for the past year, and every street in our city, and every corner of her extensive suburbs attest the indefatigable exertions of our citizens, and bear witness to their rapid prosperity.

Only a few months have elapsed since we made a very distinct reference to this subject, and felt ourselves going somewhat into details in this business, yet we now find that ample materials for a much more minute and extensive account than we can find room for, are furnished for typographical remarks, and the pen of the describer lags behind the trowel of the mason—while we record the improvements at one end of an extensive street, the other is decorated with some new and commodious tenements—the cheerless front of some time smitten habitation, gives place to the spacious and airy dwelling—the crowded low roofed shop, pervious to every shower, makes room for the magnificent and commodious store-house—and these improvements of exteriors creates a desire for corresponding interior decorations and garnishing.

In the centre of our city, the old, the time beaten, and the uncomfortable habitations that the first years of the last century scarcely saw new, are replaced by modern buildings with modern comforts—but on the borders of our town, not merely new buildings, but new blocks, whole squares start up almost with the rapidity, and we well nigh had said with all the elegance of Aladdin's palace.

There is a difference in the wealth of Philadelphia and that of most other commercial cities of the time; it is more permanent, changing hands less frequently, acquired indeed by longer labour, but retained with a proportionate tenacity—the cause of this difference is readily found in the manners of our citizens, cautious and calculating, preferring the silent and slow influx of the wealth to the rapid stream which breaks its bounds one day, and the next shows its channel dry and unsightly—few circumstances contribute more to unhappiness than a sudden acquisition of great wealth, it comes with a weight correspondent to the amount, upon a mind totally unqualified by previous exercise for its attendant cares, and unschooled in the *forbearance* which alone renders wealth an ornament. Those who add gain to gain by silent calculation, and constant labours, know the value of wealth as they acquire it, and they are habituated to its use and benefit by continued practise, and rarely render themselves ridiculous by a vanity in its *possession*, or a profuse squandering in its *use*.

In Philadelphia, though instances of greater wealth can be found than in any other city in the Union, yet a great proportion of the active capital is extensively distributed; a very large proportion of our mechanics, are, if not wealthy, at least in possession of competence, and in the enjoyment of every rational gratification that the most extensive wealth can procure. Those habits of early attention to business, a habit that is sure to bring with it economy, have made them important to the community in reference to wealth, and that sound and healthful state of morals which must result from the habits of the preceding generation, strengthened by the industry of the present, gives a *moral* influence that is daily gaining strength by means for scientific intelligence, which are now so much within their reach, and of which they so generally avail themselves.

Our object was to speak of the *mechanical* improvement of our city, but we have unconsciously gone to the improvement of the mechanics, this may however be a natural course—it is only rising from effects to causes; causes not less honorable to our city than are the effects beautifying. But we find that this spirit of improvement is not confined to Philadelphia; the causes and effects are as conspicuous in every part of the state; we have at this moment before us papers from every section of Pennsylvania, all noting with becoming felicitations, the rapid increase in the amount of business, number of dwellings, and what is of infinite importance, in the means of mental improvement in their respective divisions. As no inconsiderable portion of the increase of business, indeed nearly the whole is dependent upon the developement of our own great resources, and as the products of our soils, and the yieldings of our mines are chiefly consumed in our own country, it follows that the improvements are permanent, and the advantages of business must rather increase than diminish.

We most heartily congratulate our fellow citizens upon this flattering view of the affairs of city and country, and our felicitations are heightened in the recollection that the advantages we now enjoy may be increased and enjoyed by successive generations with a permanency dependent entirely upon their capacity to appreciate and understand their own benefits, and the virtue to deserve them.

BURIALS AND MOURNING.

We are not ignorant of the extreme difficulty of any attempt to oppose customs of long standing and general practice, especially when their exercise is connected with religious services, or in some measure identified with an expression of respect and grief for the dead. Yet, where that custom grows into an evil, whose operation is felt with bitter force by the poor, and under circumstances to prevent public complaint, those whose chance it may be to hold any influence over public opinion by means of the press, are culpable if they neglect an opportunity to do good. For our own part, humble as may be our share in operating upon the general mind, and little as we may hope to effect any important change in public sentiment or public practice, we will not be wanting in *essays* to bring about the correction which of course will spring from greater precepts and more elevated examples than it is in our power to offer. There is no expenditure incident to a family, which is so unproportioned, so entirely inordinate, so uncalled for, and so little adapted to the occasion, as that which, by custom, is consequent on the death and burial of a friend. This, we know, is unpopular, and by some will be deemed untenable ground. If those who should think proper to oppose our assertion, had commenced the argument, nothing would be left to us, but to deny the propriety of the parade at a funeral, and its necessary expense, and call upon those who esteem them just, to shew in what their propriety or benefits exist; but we have taken the labouring oar in our own hand, and must pull against the stream; and, not to drop the simile, perhaps, in obedience to strict custom, we may be found, in our practice, like other *rowers*, looking in a contrary direction from that to which our precepts point.

From the earliest times we find attention paid to the rites of sepulture. That decent attention to the bestowal of a beloved form, which reason dictated and affection sanctioned, taught the ancient Patriarch to purchase at a generous price a field that he "might bury his dead out of his sight." And we infer, from recorded facts, that in process of time, this regard to the decencies of civilized life towards the remnants of mortality, was not only strictly paid by his successors, but that a false estimate of the display of grief induced them to extend their mourning till they became a reproach, and an object of divine interference; they were forbidden to "cut their eye-brows," and to make other demonstrations of grief which should be unbecoming the chosen people of the Lord. Passing from those without further comment, and omitting to notice the practice of other ancient nations who merged the wealth of kingdoms in pyramids and mausoleums, to perpetuate the remembrance of their folly, we come to times in which all are concerned, and to customs which affect every class; and we pronounce the fashionable mode of disposing of the dead, and expressing grief for their loss, as among the most unnecessary and unseasonable expenditures of the times, as causing extensive misery, to individuals as well as society. We know that "it is the last that can be done"—that "to one so good and so beloved," it were sacrilege to deny those obsequies what themselves would have rendered to others." These, however, are the dictates of pride appealing to wounded feelings; they are the sentiments of those who are too much absorbed in affliction to listen to judgment.—They are likewise more frequently the argument of the poor and those in moderate circumstances, than of those who abound in wealth. The rich man consents to custom; it is no time for him to talk of economy, when he is smitten down by affliction; and the next, in point of wealth, is not to be outdone in his manifestations of grief; the sabled hearse, the long train of *empty* carriages, the rivalry of costly "inky cloaks," and all the outward demonstrations of mourning, must shew his loss,—and who shall tell where this expensive show shall end; no one in the moment of affliction, will allow his grief to be less poignant, or his affection to have been less ardent, than those of a fellow sufferer whose wealth permitted a costly display—and future comforts are to be sacrificed that there may be no disparity in the demonstration of these feelings. Even in the lowest ranks of life, where day by day they receive their daily bread, where means have been exhausted to procure comforts for the suffering sick, the calamities of his death have doubled by the certainty that his funeral expenses would throw his surviving family upon the immediate charities of friends, and entail long months of privation upon them to meet the unnecessary and oppressive taxation.

In addition to this amount of real misery, this curtailment of comforts, almost of necessaries, who is he that has lost near and dear friends, that has not felt his wounds rankled, his feelings newly lacerated, by the pomp and circumstance of a funeral ceremony? How much more consolatory must it be to a real mourner, to have those from whose enjoyment death has separated him, sent to their last habitation in that quiet decency which would betoken becoming respect to the dead, and not harrow up the feelings of the living? Surely it is not that will satisfy the inanimate corpse—the lengthened procession, the weeds of woe, the costly grave, and the expensive cenotaph, have no effect upon him who is "to lie in cold obstruction;" and if it is permitted to the departed spirit to "revisit glimpses" of mortality, to look silently and invisibly on those whom it has left, the marble column, we are satisfied, would not be so gratifying, as would the sight of comforts enjoyed by former friends.—If his life had been distinguished by virtue, the funeral parade would be less cheering than a consciousness that those who mourned his loss would copy his examples—if no virtue had distinguished his career, to what a mockery would the hovering spirit be subjected.

But we pursue this idea beyond our prescribed limits; we know that those who submit to this imposition at the hands of custom feel its folly—the bitterness of their grief is heightened by a display, but each feels that it is not for him to break the chain that fashion imposes; and while wealth sanctions the unmeaning and unsatisfactory expenditure, poverty will hug the ruin—and the rich and influential are not likely soon to break the spell. These are subjects upon which few reason in anticipation; it is in our natures to put far off all considerations relative to death—and when the affliction comes, who is he that can reason? Thus the error, to call it by its mildest appellation, is perpetuated among the rich, and the misery continued to the poor. Would a portion of our most respectable inhabitants, who have done so much for the good of society, make one other effect—pledge themselves, and when the season of trial comes redeem their pledge, to avoid all ostentation at the funerals of relatives, to forego all expensive parade, they would remove from the less affluent the great incentive to costly funerals, and the poor would be enabled to mourn their *dead* without pining over the protracted privations that their burylngs imposed—such an example would indeed be a public benefit.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

CHESNUT STREET THEATRE.

Friday, Nov. 16.—*The Cabinet*—*and Fortune's Frolic.*

Saturday, Nov. 17.—*Evadne*—*and The Rencontre.*

Monday, Nov. 19.—*Evadne*—*and The Rencontre.*

Tuesday, Nov. 20.—*Fazio*—*and Love, Law and Physic.*

Wednesday, Nov. 21.—*Guy Mannering*—*and Abon Hassan.*

Thursday, Nov. 22.—*The Jealous Wife*—*and Highland Reel.*

The opera of the *Cabinet*, abstract from the songs, is as dull as any thing need be. The dialogue is heavy, and if it were not enlivened by occasional singing, it would be absolutely unendurable. To say that Mrs. Knight as *Rosetta*, and *The Prince*, did all that could be done for their respective parts, is to say no more than they deserve, but does not convey any great compliment to their dramatic abilities. The songs were well sung, but we did not admire Mr. Horn's selection of "Said a smile to a tear," when he might have introduced others that would have been far more effective and appropriate. This evening, for the first time this season, a slight disturbance occurred at this Theatre, in consequence of a mistake in the bills—Mrs. Knight it was announced, would sing the *Bavarian Broom Song*, between the play and farce, which not being done, a part of the audience became restive; some tumult was the consequence. Mr. Wemyss came forward and explained, and matters passed off harmoniously.

Evadne and *The Rencontre*, were repeated on Saturday evening to a good house. We were much better pleased with this tragedy than upon its first performance. Mr. Southwell, as *Ludovico*, was much improved since his first personation of that part; in the last act he was excellent. As we become more familiar with Mr. Chapman's style of acting, we find it less repulsive—but we cannot fall in with the praise which has been bestowed on his *Colonna*. There are certainly some good points in his performance of the part, but as a whole, we consider it a failure. His figure—his voice—and his manner are at variance with our notions of the haughty Neapolitan, who prized his honour infinitely dearer than his life; and, however just may be his conception, he cannot, with such obstacles in the way, give a proper effect to the character. We do not make these observations from any ill wish to Mr. Chapman—far from it; we are confident he possesses dramatic talent, but we think he mistakes it. We should like to have an opportunity of hearing him in melo-drama—there he will shine.

Miss Emery's *Evadne*, as we have said before, is full of powerful acting, and has contributed very materially to the success of the piece. *The Rencontre* went off much better than when it was first produced. The performers were perfect in the words of their parts, and sung and acted with great spirit. The piece will not bear a too frequent repetition.

Tuesday *Fazio* was performed for the benefit of Mr. Norton. Miss Emery and Mr. Southwell were, as before, in *Bianca* and *Fazio*, truly excellent. Mr. Norton, between the play and the farce, performed on the trumpet and horn, in his usual masterly style, to the delight of all who were present. We believe this gentleman will again appear in this city in January, during the engagement of Miss George, the vocalist, who has recently arrived in New York, and is now performing at the *Park*. Her agreement with Mr. Wemyss requires her to appear at Chesnut Street early in January.

At Mrs. Knight's benefit on Wednesday the house was literally *crammed*—Every seat was occupied. The opera of *Guy Mannering* has seldom been played to more advantage than it was this evening. Mr. Mercer's *Dandie Dinmont* was acted to the life—Miss Emery's *Meg Merrilies* was impressive and energetic; and Mr. Jefferson as *Dominie Sampson* was quite amusing. Mrs. Knight in *Julia Mannering* introduced several of her most popular songs;—"I've been roaming," "Dashing White Sergeant," "Hurra for the Bonnets of Blue," &c. and Mr. Horn as *Harry Bertram*, sung a number of favourite airs. The new after piece of *Abon Hassan* was well received. The hint upon which it is founded, is taken from a story of the same name in the *Arabian Night's Entertainments*, and is the same which *O'Keefe* has used in his farce of *The Dead Alive*.

Mrs. Knight and Mr. Horn proceed to Baltimore, where they have a short engagement, after which they return to Philadelphia, and appear again in December.

Thursday, Coleman's Comedy of the *Jealous Wife*, was played for the first time this season, to an indifferent house. This is a good play—the characters, (several of whom, and one or two scenes are borrowed from Fielding's *Tom Jones*,) are well drawn, and the plot is full of interest; but there are in this, as in all the other productions of the same hand, many passages of the dialogue which ought to be entirely omitted in the representation. No modest female can listen to the vulgarity of the brutal *Capt. O'Cutter*, or the more refined, but not less disgusting *equivoque* of my *Lord Trinket*, without blushing from very shame, and surely all offence to the delicacy of their feelings should be avoided. The passages we have referred to, may be omitted without interrupting the business of the play, or taking from its interest, and when it is next brought forward we hope, in this respect, it will be reformed altogether. The *cast* was powerful.

Mr. Wood (*Mr. Oakly*,) was, as he always is in such parts, quite at home. Mr. Warren (*the Major*,) was an excellent representation of a hearty, good-humoured, laughter-loving, independent old Bachelor, and moved through his part with great spirit and animation his by-play was admirable, and Miss Emery (*Mrs. Oakly*,) confirmed us in the opinion we have before expressed, that in genteel comedy she would not suffer upon a comparison with those who have long been figuring before the public as *stars*. Once or twice we observed a redundance in her performance—a desire to make the most of a good thing—but in the main she was deserving of high commendation for her just conception and spirited execution. Mr. Southwell (*Charles*,) appeared for the first time in this country in comedy, and in a part which he had taken at short notice. There is little opportunity for display in this character, but Mr. S. improved that little to great advantage. The drunken scene, had it not been too far prolonged, would have been excellent; there was much truth and nature in it. We have no doubt Mr. S. will become as great a favourite in parts like this, as he now is in Tragedy. He will certainly deserve it. Mr. Mercer (*Capt. O'Cutter*,) was personating a character so worthless and degraded that we are sure he must have felt quite uncomfortable. His *Irishman*, though clever, is not equal to his *Dandie Dinmont*. Mr. Jefferson (*Sir H. Beagle*,) was in fine spirits and full of entertainments. The minor characters of the piece acquitted themselves very creditably. The dull after-piece of the *Highland Reel* followed.

We have heard several complaints of the want of proper heat at this Theatre—we wish the manager would look to this.

Dr. M'Henry, who is well known as the author of a beautiful poem, *The Blessings of Friendship*, and other works, has written a tragedy called *The Usurper*, which will be produced in December. It is highly spoken of by those who have read it.

Miss Rock made her appearance in *Letitia Hardy* at the Bowery Theatre, New York, on Monday evening. The New York American says that her success was complete, and that she presented "an union of all that is supposed to fascinate Doricourt." "Without the advantage of height in figure, she is extremely graceful; without the beauty of face which many of her rivals possess, her varied expression amply compensates for the deficiency. Her voice reminds us of Mrs. Merry's, the sweetest we ever heard in speaking; her action in the quiet or dignified parts of her performance, was of the same superior school. She in the course of the evening proved herself mistress, not only of the histrionic art, but of music and dancing, in a very eminent degree. The personation of seven characters in the afterpiece is a great exertion of talent, but such as we have become in some measure used to; but we never, never saw such versatility united in such high merit, and such finished elegance." The Courier qualifies his praise of her *Letitia Hardy* by saying that she studied too much for effect, was too extravagant in action; in fact, she had too much art and too little nature. Her singing is better than her acting. But in the afterpiece, says the Courier, "her versatility of talent was conspicuous, and the various character of Jenny Transit sustained with great ability, except in the Irish Ensign, in which her dialect was sadly deficient. Her "learned Highland Lassie" was inimitably fine, not excepting her *latin*. The Enquirer declares that Miss Rock "fully realised all that was anticipated."

The New York Courier of yesterday, contains a handsome compliment to Miss George's performance of Rosetta, in Love in a Village, on the evening preceding. Miss G. is also engaged for the Philadelphia theatre.

Forrest had a second re-engagement in Boston, which he commenced with Shylock.

The original of Cooper's Harvey Birch, is now in New York, and attended the Lafayette Theatre on Saturday evening, to witness Wallack's performance of the character.

Mr. Cooper took his farewell benefit on Wednesday evening week at the Park Theatre, New York. He played Macbeth to a full and fashionable house.

The New-York Enquirer of Friday, of last week says,—"Mr. Cooper sails this morning in the Canada, Capt. Rogers. A party of gentlemen gave him a farewell dinner yesterday, at Niblo's."

The author of Virginius is said to have prepared three tragedies on the subject of Coriolanus, Cæsar and Anthony.

A theatre has been lately established at Detroit, Michigan Territory.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS SINCE OUR LAST.

Ship William Brown, McKown, 40, Liverpool, mdze.
Brig Pilot, Milton, 7, Boston, mdze.
—— Hannah, Jenkins, 40, St. Thomas, mdze.
Schr. Knickerbocker, Clark, 2, New York, sugar, &c.
—— Mount Vernon, Ireland, 8, Baltimore, mdze.
—— Diana, Peterson, 6, New York, mdze.
—— [illegible], Pennington, 2, New York, mdze.
Sloop Trimmer, ——, 2, New York, mdze.
—— Sons, Chatten, 2, New York, mdze.
—— Superior, Taylor, 9, St. Augustine, Oranges, &c.
—— Valiant, Somers, 2, New York, went up the Schuylkill.
—— Resolution, Smith, 3, New York, plaister.
—— Reaper, Crowell, 2, New York, mdze.

CLEARED.

Ships Montezuma, West, Liverpool; James M. Cooper, Lisbon; Bengal, Shankland, Trinidad de Cuba; Fanny, Foulke, West Indies; Carolinian, Hewes, Charleston.

Brigs Rosario, Orby, Havana; Oregon, Brown, New Orleans; Liberia, Sharp, Cape de Verd; Astrea, Remington, Havana; Veteran, Staples, Halifax; Ocean, Selby, Havana; Treaty, Singer, Gibraltar; Maria, Palmer, jr. Gibraltar; Pilot, Milton, Boston.

Barque Dorothy, Durness, Charleston & Europe.

Schrs. Georgetown, Denison, New York; Triton, Brooks, New York; Socrates, Ryder, New York; Mount Prospect, Wilson, Gulf of Mexico; Vernon, Nones, Aux Cayes; Waterloo, Briggs, New York; Eleanor, Morse, Richmond.

Sloops Gen. Elmer, Long, Alexandria; Catharine & Elizabeth, Doughty, Charlestun.

The Penn Society for discouraging the use of ardent spirits.—The members are hereby notified that a quarterly Meeting of the Society will take place on Monday next, the 26th of November, at 7 o'clock in the evening, in the Session room in Cherry alley above Fifth street, when the report of the managers will be read, and such business transacted as may be proposed by the members of the Society.

DAVID McCLUE, Rec. Sec'y

JACKSON OFFICE,

24th November.

Union Canal Lottery, 35th Class

Draws day after Christmas—Yates & M'Intyre *Managers.*

SPLENDID SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$24,000	39	Prizes of	$100
1	- -	6,000	39	- -	80
1	- -	3,000	39	- -	60
1	- -	2,500	39	- -	50
1	- -	1,910	39	- -	40
5	- -	1,000	78	- -	30
5	- -	600	312	- -	20
5	- -	400	4,446	- -	10
5,051 Prizes,			$14,190 Tickets.		
9,131 Blanks,					

Present price of Tickets, $9, Halves, $4 50, Quarters, $2 25, Tenths, $1 00, at the JACKSON OFFICE, 47 South Third Street.

☞ Orders enclosing cash or prize tickets attended to by return mail—Address, JOHN FOX, nov 24—1t Jackson Office, Philadelphia.

UNION CANAL LOTTERY,

THIRTY-FIFTH CLASS—NEW SERIES.

To Draw, December 26th.

45 Numbers—6 Drawn Ballots.

SCHEME.

1	Prize of	$24,000	39	Prizes of	$100
1	- -	6,000	39	- -	80
1	- -	3,000	39	- -	60
1	- -	2,500	39	- -	50
1	- -	1 910	39	- -	40
5	- -	1,000	78	- -	30
5	- -	600	312	- -	20
5	- -	400	4,446	- -	10

Tickets, $10 00 | Quarters, $2 50
Halves, 5 00 | Tenths, 1 00

Tickets and Shares for sale at GIBBS' No. 4 1-2 South Third Street,

Where was sold and paid in recent Lotteries: one Prize of $50,000, 1 of 30,000; 2 of 25,000, 5 of 20,000, 3 of 15,000, 5 of 10,000, 3 of 8,000, 1 of 6,696, 3 of 6,000, 10 of 5,000, 9 of 4,000, with numerous others of 3,000, 2,000, 1,000, &c. &c. amounting in all to upwards of one Million of Dollars. nov 24—tf

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FOR TRENTON.

THE Steam Boat PENNSYLVANIA, Capt. Z. W. Kellum, leaves Arch street wharf every morning at 6 o'clock, A. M. for Bristol, where coaches will be in readiness to convey passengers to Trenton, and return in time for the boat the same day. Fare up or down, 75 cents.

N. B For seats apply at the Office No. 8 Arch street, or of the Captain on board the boat. For seats in Trenton apply at David Green's inn, or Joseph W. Vancleve's inn, Trenton. JOHN STEVENS, Philada. Oct 29—tf Proprietor Bristol, Pa.

MARRIED.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Wm. L. M'Calla, Mr. JAMES M. HIRST, to Miss REBECCA M. daughter of Col. Robert Kennedy.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Doctor Wilson, EDMUND A. HOLMES, of Virginia, to ANN MATILDA, daughter of Ambrose White, Esq. of this city.

On the 15th inst. at Churchtown, Lancaster county, Pa. by the Rev. Mr. Bull, DAVID H. WHITE, merchant, of this city, to ELLEN D. daughter of Edward Davies, Esq. of the former place.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Richard W. Petheridge, Mr. FREDERICK SPECK, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY GORDON, of Black Horse, Burlington county, N. J.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Myers, Mr. GEORGE W. BURGESS, to Miss SOPHIA E. only daughter of Mrs. Rosanna Laurenas, all of this city.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Stephen R. Smith, Mr. JACOB W. CLARK, plumber, of this city, to Miss MARY ANN, youngest daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, of the Northern Liberties.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. M. B. Roche, Mr. JAMES REES, to Miss MARY G. BAROUX, all of this city.

In Boston, Mr. Grant Learned, to Miss Phoebe Learned. [The offspring of this marriage will be doubly *learned*.]

At East Machias, Me. Mr. James Piegeon to Miss Ann Beam.

A lowly *Pigeon*, young and fair,
The dupe of many an idle dream,
Forsook his wandering thro' the air,
And lit, by chance, upon a *Beam*:
Where safe from storms, and quite at rest,
He found a partner to his nest.

DIED.

On the 22d inst. at his residence near the Falls of Schuylkill, FREDERICK REDDINGER, aged 68 years.

On the 22d inst. after a long and severe indisposition, which he bore with christian resignation and fortitude, aged 21 years, Mr. SAMUEL ZELLERS, son of Mr. Jacob Zellers.

On the 21st inst. RICHARD M. son of Captain Alexander J. Dallas, aged 4 years.

On the 16th inst. after a short illness, ROBERT A. youngest child of Mr. William Broome, aged 4 years.

On the 14th inst. suddenly, Mr. JOHN BAPTISTE.

On the 14th inst. at Germantown, Mrs. MARY SOMMER, consort of the late Jacob Sommer, senior.

On First day last, SARAH R. aged 36 years, relict of the late Samuel Longstreth, and daughter of the late Miers Fisher.

On the 19th inst. after a lingering illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH ROSS, aged 86 years.

On the 15th inst. aged 80 years, Mr. CHARLES F. HANSELL, sen. a patriot of the Revolution.

On the 20th inst. after a short indisposition, which he bore with humble resignation to the divine will, Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, Turner, aged 38 years.

On the 20th inst. after a painful indisposition, which she bore with christian resignation and fortitude, Mrs. PHŒBE, wife of James Vinyard, aged 39 years.

On the 22d ult. at Natchez, Miss. of malignant fever, CONRAD W. HESTER, late of the city of Philadelphia, aged 19 years.

On the 19th inst. after a tedious illness, aged 47 years, Mr. JOHN CROWLEY.

On the 16th inst. in the city of Lancaster, the Honorable THOMAS DUNCAN, Esq. Judge of the Supreme Court. His body passed through Elizabethtown on Saturday morning, on its way to Carlisle.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

BY JUDAH DOBSON,

NO. 108 CHESNUT STREET,

PRICE $1 25,

THE FORGET-ME-NOT,

FOR 1828;

ELEGANTLY BOUND WITH GILT EDGES.

Embellished with 13 beautiful Engravings, Six of which are COLOURED;

And consisting of upwards of 300 pages, 18mo.

CONTENTS.

Introduction; The Wanderer's Dream; Morlin; Introduction to an Album; The Moss Rose and Dragon Plant, *(coloured engravings;)* To ***, with the Flower 'forget-me-not;' Annette Lavanne, by the Author of Tales for "Leisure Hours;" Remember Me; Virginius, after the death of his daughter, *J. B. P.* Is this a time to be gloomy and sad, *Bryant*; Vanderdecken's Message Home, a German Legend; Wedded Love, a Fragment; Woman, *Sherlock*; The Last Tree of the Forest; The Poet's Song; Song, "Amid the West," &c. Anne Boleyn, from the French; Indian Sagacity; On the Privileges of the Female Sex; Kindred Hearts, Mrs. *Hemans*; The Sisters; Song, *L. E. L.* On French Oaths, *Maria Edgeworth*; Professor of Signs; The Hour of Eve, *J. B. P.* The Rivals; Night, *Shelley*; The Blind Boy; Invocation to Rain; The Maniac, *Merry*; Song, "The Sun is careering;" &c. Impartiality, *Burke*; The Living and the Dead, *Percival*; Miles Colvine; Lorenzo Citti, a Venetian Tale, *J. B. P.* Oliver Cromwell; An Adventure; Upon Emmeline's Miniature, *D. B. P.* The Hunting Alderman; Stanzas of a Beautiful Woman; Washington; Forget me not; Milton; Secret Love; Washington's Tomb, *(an engraving;)* Rise and Fall of Nations; Blunders; John Brown, or the House in the Muir; Female Beauty and Ornaments; Mrs. Wolstencroft and Miss Blood; To the Ivy, Mrs. *Hemans*; Fame *Joanna Baillie*; Jan Schalken's Three Wishes; The Water Lady, a Legend; Stanzas to a Beauty; Quebec, *(an engraving;)* Imitation of Servian Poetry; Josephine, the Georgian Emigrant, by a Lady of Philadelphia; Sir G. Sondes; Female Education, *Sylvanus*; The Temple of Butterflies; Dean Swift; The Elm Tree at Kensington, *(an engraving;)* Teresa, by a Lady of Philadelphia; Agostine Posari, the Somnambulist; The Magnolia and the Tulip, *(coloured engravings;)* On a Sailor's Funeral at Sea; The Bridal, *Sidney*; Song, "The Health this night must be my bed;" The Poor Scholar *E. P.* Indian Medal, *(an engraving;)* The Midnight Murder; The Trenton Falls, *(an engraving;)* To Monadnock, *Wm. P. M. Wood*; Neatness and Taste; The Contrast; Song, by Mrs. *Opie*; Society and Solitude; Venus's Fly Trap and Night Blowing Cereus, *(coloured engravings;)* Reverses, a Tale of the Past Season; Lines to a Lady, *W.* Witches and other Night Fears; Changes; Ellen, a sketch from "Scenes and Thoughts," by *Washington Irving*; The grave, *W.*; Fair Mount Water Works, *(an engraving;)* The Neapolitan Post Office, by *Ketzebue*; Tit for Tat; Song of the Flowers on the approach of Winter, *Selim*; A Dream of By-Past Time; The Choice; The Cat, original, *T. H. S.* Autumn; A Mother's Joys; Passaic Falls, *(an engraving;)* The two Fountains; Sketch from Real Life, *Marie*. nov 24—tf

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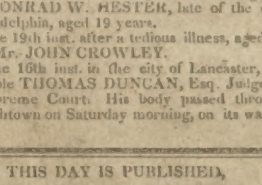
WAS STOLEN,

FROM the Office of the Subscriber, on Monday, 5th inst. a BOX COAT, of drab Hunter's Cloth, without side pockets, a belt and three or four tabs on the breast, and a tab behind. The buttons were of silk twist, and the collar covered with silk velvet. Ten Dollars will be given for the recovery of the coat, and apprehension of the thief. WM. COUPLAND, nov 24—1t No. 2, Harmony street.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE

TWO LEARNED DOGS,

Will positively close next Tuesday evening, November 27, 1827.



I will second your motion, and endeavour to correspond with you.—*I am TOBY.*

There shall not be any thing wanting on my part to render satisfaction.—*I am MINETTO.*

THE PRODIGIES OF NATURE.

THE exhibitions of the two learned Dogs, which were so numerously visited at the Palais Royal in Paris, and at the Royal Circus in London, to overflowing houses and with great applause, and for two months past at the New-York Museum, where about twelve thousand persons saw them and were highly gratified. They are now to be seen at the ARCADE, No. 73 West Avenue, 2nd story, for three *days longer*; and in order to give persons who cannot attend in the evening an opportunity of witnessing them, they will be exhibited in the morning from 10 o'clock till 12, and from 3 o'clock in the afternoon till 10 o'clock at night. The far-famed performance of these truly astonishing dogs, whose superior endowments have been the wonder and delight of numerous and distinguished parties, being a perfect nonpareil of their kind as for instinct; the dog Toby seems to understand and will answer questions in Geography, Astronomy, and Arithmetic, &c. &c.

He will tell the hour of the day accurately by any watch, tell the value and sense of any silver coin shown to him, and the dog shall be blind-folded; any person may draw a card from the pack, shuffle and spread it with the other cards upon the floor, face downwards, and this dog will select the card thus drawn or even thought of, &c.

Minetto will leap through hoops, balloons, &c. and walk on his front feet while his hind feet are elevated.—But to describe the various amusements of these matchless animals, their unparalleled sagacity and pleasing performance, requiring more than language can express, they must be seen to be duly appreciated.

The price of admission continues, as usual, 25 cents, children under ten years of age half-price. Nov. 24—1t

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PULMEL,

A Specific Remedy to Cure and Prevent the

CONSUMPTION.

THIS valuable new remedy was lately discovered by a gentleman of great Medical, Chemical and Botanical knowledge, in Philadelphia. It has been found effectual in producing immediate relief, removing gradually all the symptoms, and curing this formidable disease; also in preventing the formation of the disease in those liable to it.

The PULMEL is a new article of Materia Medica, formed by the chemical combinations of several powerful vegetable substances, acting on the lungs and the whole system; it contains no deleterious nor poisonous substances. The smell and taste are sweet, balsamic and pleasant; it may be used in any way, and even in large doses without injury; but ought always to be largely diluted when taken internally. Many preparations may be made with it, the Syrup for internal use, and the Balsam for inhalation, have been adopted at present as the most convenient. The Syrup may be taken warm or cold, in milk, chocolate, lemonade, &c. a table spoonful is a dose, from 2 to 6 doses may be taken daily. The steam of the Balsam must be inhaled in any convenient way; does the same as the Syrup; but none is to be taken internally, while the Syrup may also be inhaled, although weaker for that purpose. To prevent the disease in those predisposed, a daily dose of the Syrup will do.

The medical properties of the PULMEL are tonic, refrigerant, alterative, sedative, balsamic, healing, revulsant, deobstruent, pectoral, diaphoretic, antiseptic, analeptic, diuretic and anti-scrofulous. The effects on the system are healthy expectoration, absence of cough, renewal of strength, removal of hectic fever, and healing of the lungs.

A careful, light but nourishing diet must be adhered to while using the PULMEL: and suitable auxiliaries must be employed, according to the periods of the disease, which are five—1 Incipient, 2 Inflammatory, 3 Confirmed, 4 Hectic, 5 Typhus; and according to the kinds of Consumption or Phthisis, which are 25, such as Catarrhal, Dyspeptic, Scrofulous, Nervous, Asthmatic, Dorsal, Tracheal, Ulcerous, &c. The PULMEL will avail in all, and even cure the cancer in the lungs, by a peculiar application: but it cures only Consumptions; when a doubtful kind, or a complication of diseases exist, a special treatment is required, and able physicians must be consulted. The discoverer of the PULMEL will furnish written consultations and ample directions, upon a medical statement of any peculiar case, for a fee of $10.

In general all the kinds of Phthisis may be known, by 3 general symptoms—1 habitual cough, 2 pain in the breast, 3 emaciation. Cold and excesses must be avoided, as well as exhaustion, bleeding, and spirituous liquors: the *Digitalis, Sanguinaria* baths and blisters used but sparingly. The milk and broth diet, as well as exercise, will be useful in the first stages. In the last stage, rich concentrated food is required.

A single pound of Syrup of Pulmel will afford relief; but several pounds are required to effect a radical cure, according to the state and stage of the disease. The Balsam will always be needed when there is sores or tubercles in the lungs. It is confidently expected that 50 patients out of 100 can recover by the use of the PULMEL, and Consumption become as easily curable as a common fever; while now at least 30 out of 100 patients die of it.

The Syrup and Balsam of PULMEL sell for $2 the pound, or $1 the half pound bottle. The manufacture of it is tedious; but orders may be supplied within 20 days. Discount 25 per cent. in wholesale. All communications and applications for the PULMEL, must be made to ATKINSON & ALEXANDER, Philadelphia.

THE PULMEL,

IS now manufactured and to be had of the following named Druggists in the city of Philadelphia.

Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of 16th and Chesnut Streets.
John Hart & Son, No. 18 south 2d street.
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Joseph Reskirt, N. E. corner 3d and Callowhill streets.
Wm. Scattergood, corner of 3d and Green streets, and
At the Office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 113 Chesnut street. nov 10—tf

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TROTTER'S GENUINE

P

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

A CREATURE OF LIGHT.

Light was the maid, in *light* array'd,
For *light* to her was given;
From *light* she flew, and *lightly* too
She'd *light* again in heav'n.

No northern *light* was e'er so bright,
No *light could* e'er be brighter;
Her *light*-drawn sigh pass'd *lightly* by,
As *light* as air and *lighter*.

The *lights* divine, that *lightly* shine
In yonder *light*en'd skies,
Can ne'er excel the *light*s that fell
Like *light*ning from her eyes.

She *lightly* mov'd, by all belov'd,
A *light* and fairy elf;
Light was her frame, and *light* her name,
For she was *light* itself.

INSTANCE OF ABSENCE OF MIND.

A gentleman residing in Scotland, is remarkable for being absent. A fortune teller came one day to his house, and, though deaf and dumb, found means to predict splendid fortunes for his daughters. The youngest daughter came running to her father. "Oh! papa, the finest spae-wife, and she is quite dumb." Mr. W. addressing the woman, "Ay, poor woman, how longhave you been dumb." The woman dropped a courtesy and answered, "Just fourteen years, sir, this spring." The worthy man's question was no wise intended to ensnare, but, by his sincerity, the woman was taken unprepared. He saw not the absurdity of addressing the deaf, nor did she perceive the inconsistency of answering, though dumb.

A musical instrument-maker of Bremen, was on the point of failure, and his hungry creditors watched him so close, that he could not get a pin's worth carried away. He bethought himself of a stratagem for deceiving his watchmen. He got together about a hundred and fifty musicians, his friends in the shop, and set them all playing, with the different instruments there, the overture of the Gaza Ladra. As it was at night, at each movement of the orchestra he contrived to throw some article of furniture out of the back window, and this was so managed, that, from the noise of the instruments, no one heard it. At last, to finish the affair, so happily begun, at the end of the concert, each musician went out with his instrument. The artist went out last and locked the shop-door, leaving nothing to his creditors but a bust of Ramus.

A hint to those who need it.—The N. Y. Morning Courier, in speaking of the signatures to the Declaration of Independence says —"One general character prevades all these signatures, except that of Steven Hopkins, who was palsied; it is that of easy and distinct chirography. Our fathers were not ashamed of their names, and therefore wrote them legibly. This is more than can be said of their sons; for nine out of ten, now-a-days, write as if they had the pen between their toes instead of their fingers."

An amateur practitioner visiting upon one occasion, in the Court of King's Bench, to convince Lord Ellenborough of his importance, said, "My lord, I sometimes employ myself as a doctor." "Very likely, sir," said his lordship drily, "but is any body else fool enough to employ you in that capacity."

The less wit a man has, the less he knows he wants it.—If you make money your god, it will plague you like the d—l. He that buys a house ready wrought, has many a pin and nail for nought—A wicked book is the worse because it cant repent.

The following anecdote is related by a Citizen of Boston who spent some time at Rio Janeiro.

I was engaged in the erection of a Paper Mill, about three miles from Rio and about half a mile south-west of the residence of Don Pedro. One morning about 7 o'clock, his lordship, child and wife, drove up to the mill in an open barouche, with the intention of examining it. The proprietor, Senor Silva, attended to explain the works. I had now an excellent opportunity of seeing them. Don Pedro was tall, finely formed, and had a graceful carriage; the countenance of his lady was wan, and unusually interesting. I can never forget with what courtesy she returned the salutations of the Brazilian carpenteiros, my brother, and myself; nor is forgotten the disdainful, constrained inclination of the body which her haughty husband vouchsafed to make to us "mere things of clay."

Adjoining to the room in which we worked, the rags were heat to pulp by means of stampers, making an astounding clamour; (the engine-roll of the U. S. not being adopted.)—After going to view these stampers, Don Pedro returned to carry his lady, but she appeared to be so frightened at the noise, that she had no inclination to become a spectatress. Entreating her for some time, he went back apparently mortified; he however soon returned, and again attempted to persuade her to accompany him but in vain. His face now became suffused with crimson, and forcibly taking the infant from her arms, *he carried it into the room*; and, in a few minutes, returning, he once more intreated her to follow him, and took hold of her hand with the intention of *compelling* her; she resisted with all her might, and at length, caught hold of the carpenter's bench; when,

"*Fierce as ten furies and terrible as hell,*"

he handed his infant (the present queen of Portugal) to a footman in attendance, clinched his wife's wrist, and with all his force *endeavoured to throw her on the mill-floor on her face!* A Brazilian carpenter broke her fall, by catching her in his arms. She now retreated to the mill-door, and there I saw the late Empress of Brazil sob as if her heart would break. Don Pedro soon after came out from the Engine House, and they mounted their carriage, and drove away.

Truly could she say—"My days are days of mourning, and my nights of grief." Far from the scene of her childhood and the home of her parents—allied to a man who neglected her—surrounded by his pimps—abused by his courtezans—contemned by his illegitimate offspring:—it is no wonder that she pined—it is good that she died.

COCKROACHES.

If any one has tried ineffectually the various modes of ejectment recommended, in case of illegal occupancy of premises by these gentlemen of the black robe—they perhaps would better summon the *Posse Comitatus* of the family, and read the following extract from an old Magazine, by way of riot act.

ADDRESS TO THE COCKROACHES.

Oh ye wi' black and shiny shell,
Wha nightly rin o'er plate an' platter,
Makin a maist uncommon smell,
An' some sma' clatter.

Tak mukle lent—there is a plot
Ye dram not of, ye silley vermin,
Ane that will send ye a' to pot
An' set ye squirmin.

Each night ye creep from out your holes,
Whan a' the maids hae gone to bed,
An' scamper thro' the house in shoals;
Lacking for bread.

Faith, bread ye'll may be get, yet ninnies,
Hight weel besmear'd wi' treacle sweet,
But under it ye'll find, my hinnies,
Anither treat.

An' sic a treat—gude faith, Ise fear
Ye'll drink, till on your backs your sprawlin,
Then greivin hear some brethren speir,
"What staps your crawlin."

Ye muckle deils, gin ye'll be willing
To creep off to some ither place,
An' keep me frae the sin o' killing
Ane o' your race;

Ise tak my aith ye'll hear nae mair
O' plots to mak' ye gang your ways,
For ane be letter wad declare
The maselves gone fees.

THE SCHOOL OF FLORA.

No. XXXIX.

Botanic Name } POLYGONUM BISTORTA.
English Name } *Bistort Knotwort.*
French Name } *Renouee Bistorte.*

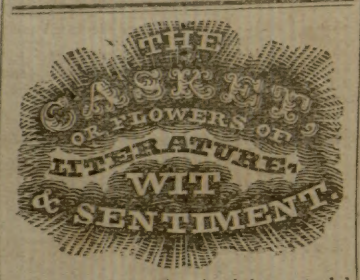
The genus *Polygonum* of Linnæus offers a multitude of anomalies; it was put by him in the class *Octandria*, and yet it contains species with 4, 5 or 6 stamina. The Buckwheat or *Pol. Fagopyrum* belongs to it. It gives name to the natural order of Polygonaceous. The name means in Greek *many knots*, as the stems are always with joints.

Bistorta is a Latin name, applying to the root, which is large and crooked. It is used in medicine, as a good astringent.

This plant grows in the mountains and cold regions of Europe and Asia: it has been introduced into the gardens for its utility and pretty spikes of flowers, which however are not so showy as in the gigantic oriental knotweed of the gardens *P. orientale*. They are estival and autumnal plants, very hardy and easily cultivated from seeds in the open ground.

From the thick perennial root, rise one or two simple stems, without branches, bearing a thick oblong spike of flesh coloured and red flowers. The leaves are few, remote, petiolate, alternate, oval or oval-oblong, acute, decurrent on the petiole at the base, entire or undulate. Each flower is divided into 5 parts, has 8 stamina and a pistil, succeeded by a single tenticular seed.

It is the emblem of Perverseness and crabbed temper.



The patronage that has already been extended to the Casket, has not only exceeded our most sanguine expectations, but, if we mistake not, is unprecedented in the annals of monthly literature—This success has induced us to intend to give the work a more attractive form for the ensuing year, as well in its literary departments, as in its decorations and typographical arrangements. A new font of type has been procured, upon which it is to be printed; the size and number of the pages will be considerably extended and enlarged; and paper superior to that now used, will be employed in its publication; meantime, that every department may exhibit a corresponding degree of improvement, arrangements have been entered into with artists for various decorations and ornaments. The usual number of copper-plates will be found, and it is proposed to furnish each number with *two* wood engravings, instead of one, as now published. The wood engravings representing scenes, or referring to incidents familar or interesting to most of our readers, will be accompanied by well written descriptions of events and exhibitions connected with the picture —each reflecting upon the other's interest and value.

It is our intention to render the Casket interesting to the various classes of readers to whom periodical literature generally addresses itself; we shall then feel called upon to search, with renewed attention and assiduity, for the most interesting contents of foreign magazines, while a proper inducement will be held out for native writers to contribute a portion of their labours to enrich our Casket.

These regulations can be effected without any sacrifice of that light reading, and general magazine of small paragraphs, that must enter into all literary works; inasmuch as the size of the work will be very considerably enhanced—its contents, therefore, may assume a more diversified form, and boast an increase of solid matter.

The price of the Casket will be $3 50 per annum, payable within three months after the receipt of the 1st number—but, if the subscription is paid in advance, $2 50 will be received as payment in full.

The arrangements that we have made for the publication of the Casket, warrant us in assuring its patrons, that it shall equal, in attraction, any work of the kind that has been published; while its price is scarcely half that of the most ordinary monthly publications.

The Patrons of the Casket, who intend to continue the work after the present year, will please to intimate their wishes by sending us the subscription in *advance*—the increasing expenses of the paper, printing, engravings, &c. render it absolutely necessary for us to be furnished with the means of meeting expenditures promptly.

ATKINSON & ALEXANDER,
Philadelphia.

It may be well to state, that the "Casket for 1827," will form a distinct volume, at $2 50 per annum; and, on its completion, contain thirty-six splendid engravings, with nearly 500 pages of letter-press printing, constituting one of the *cheapest* publications in the United States. A few of the numbers can be supplied to future subscribers.

Those Editors who have already politely favoured us with a notice of the work, will enhance the obligation, and entitle themselves to another copy of it by giving this a few insertions.

THE SECOND NUMBER
Of the Philadelphia
MONTHLY MAGAZINE
IS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

NOVEMBER, 1827.

CONTENTS—The Personal and Literary Character of S. T. Coleridge. Delphi. On Panegyrical Orations. Woman's Love. On the Character of the Debased Indians. The Dead Soldier. The Arts and Artists. The Evening Star. Mutability of Dress. The Dying Bride. Excursion to Iona. Stanzas. America and England. Haydn. Ode to the Deity, translated from the Russian of Derjavin. Ossian. Home, imitated from the Italian of Guarini. Leaving. To a Star. Negro Proverbs. The French Comic Opera. La Chute Des Feuilles. The Cemetery of Pere la Chaise. The Miniature. Youth of Genius. To Readers and Correspondents. Literary Intelligence.

Price $3 00 per annum Subscriptions received by J. Dobson, Agent, No. 108 Chesnut Street.
nov 17—3t*

CO-PARTNERSHIP.

A PERSON with a moderate cash capital, is desirous to form an equal partnership with a mechanic or manufacturer without capital. The business must be particularly stated by the applicant, and the profits satisfactorily pointed out to the subscriber, to be 20 per cent. on the capital employed. Letters post paid, addressed to X. Y. No. 347 Sassafras street, will meet prompt attention. nov 17—3t*

A Small House Wanted.

A PERSON wishes a small House, at a low rent, to stay from $100 to $150. A situation between Vine and Pine streets, and between Second and Ninth streets, would be preferred. Satisfactory security will be given for the punctual payment of the rent. Further particulars will be given at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, 112 Chesnut Street. nov 17—tf

CANARIES.

A LOT of handsome CANARIES, for sale by the pair, or together—a bargain. Enquire at this Office, or at 17 Branch street. oct 20—tf

District of Pennsylvania, to wit.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the seventeenth day of September, in the fifty second year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1827, Jesse Waterman, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the words following, to wit:

A plain, comprehensive, practical English Grammar, in two parts: compiled upon a plan entirely new: calculated to facilitate, the study of this important branch of education, whereby a knowledge of the science may be obtained in much less time, and with less labor, than by the ordinary modes of teaching. Third edition, improved. To which is annexed a Key, comprising a brief and plain mode of correcting False Syntax. By Jesse Waterman, an experienced teacher in Philadelphia.

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
nov 10—4t *Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.*

Important to Young Men!!
Wayne Beneficial Society

Incorporated by act of Assembly.

Initiation fee, 50 cents!

Benefits in moderate indisposition, per week, $3 00
" in actual confinement " 5 00

PERSONS desirous of becoming members of the above Institution, are informed that the electing committee, will attend to receive applications, on every Wednesday evening of the present month, from 7 to 9 o'clock, at the house of D. Hoge, sign of the Beaver, Callowhill Street; and on every Saturday evening during the same time, at the house of Mrs. Sagers, 140 North 2d street, sign of the Camel, where every information will be given by

PARDON DAVIS,
WM. F. CHASE,
nov 10—tf WM. T. ROBINSON.

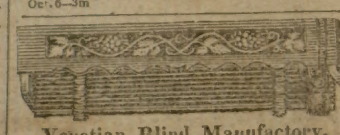
TEETH & STUMPS.

THE Teeth the advertiser furnishes are handsome and strong, keep their color, hold their pivots well —are the cheapest, nearest to human, and the best calculated for fixing in the mouth upon stumps, of any yet discovered.

Fixing teeth upon Stumps is the firmest way known, scarcely ever gives pain—never injures the adjoining teeth, and is the way nearest to nature.

Office No. 95 Crown street, near Vine and N. 4th sts.
B. WILLIAMS, Dentist.

N. B. Persons in moderate circumstances need not be deterred from visiting the advertiser on that account.
Oct. 6—3m



Venetian Blind Manufactory.
HOOK & STOCKTON,
No. 125 Arch Street.

HAVE constantly on hand an extensive assortment of Venetian Blinds, of superb Manufacture, the most elegant colours and warranted to stand, which they offer as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

N. B. We continue to supply Upholsterers at the lowest wholesale prices. oct 13—3m

COTILLION PARTY.

BONNAFON'S first Cotillion Party will take place on Friday, the 16th inst. and continue every other Friday during the season, from 6 o'clock in the evening till 10.

The apartments have been put in splendid order and will be rented when unoccupied by A. B. for any entertainment. Every convenience for a full orchestre has been procured so as to make the room the most desirable of any in the city for Concerts.

Subscription to the Cotillion Parties $3.
No charge made to scholars for the whole season.
Tickets are now ready for delivery at the Hall.
No transient visitors admitted for the evening.
The room will be brilliantly lighted with gas additional burners have been put to this chandelier, so as to represent various flowers.
F. Johnson and band are engaged. nov 10—3t

Benjamin M. Hollinshead,

HAS established a Retail Store, at No. 22 North 6th street between Market and Arch sts. where he has for sale a general assortment of Dry Goods, amongst which are Blankets, Flannels, Cloths, Cassimeres and Cassinetts; Ladies Habit Cloths, Hosiery of various descriptions, Bombazetts, Worsted Bombazines, Swiss and India mull muslins, and handkerchiefs, Jaconet, Book and Cambric ditto, Irish linens, Table linen, domestic shirtings, sheetings, ginghams, &c. with a great variety of other goods, all purchased on the most favorable terms. nov 3—tf

CHARCOAL.

ORDERS for Oak or Pine COAL, left at No. 46 Dock street, will be immediately supplied, in the city or country adjoining, by the subscriber, who brings in, and keeps on hand a good supply.

nov3—tf THOMAS KINSEY, Jr.

MISSES BARNARD'S
ACADEMY FOR LADIES,

Back of No. 1 Bread, and 77 Arch Street,

WILL be opened on Monday the 26th inst. where the various branches of an English education will be taught, comprising Reading, Plain and Ornamental Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Geography, with the use of the Globes, Composition, Drawing and velvet Painting; together with a variety of fancy work, including Cotton, Rug, Tambour, Bead and the new style of lace work. Lessons in any of the above branches, given separately if required.

Terms made known on application. nov 17—tf

REMOVAL.

MRS H. JANUARY takes this method of informing her friends and the public that she has Removed to No. 86, North Fifth street, three doors above Cherry street, and continues her business of attending on funerals as usual, and returns her thanks for former favour, and respectfully solicits a continuance.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10—3t*

PRINTERS' GUIDE,

NEW EDITION, for sale by J. Howe. Also, a good second hand Ramage PRESS, super royal size, with an iron b.d. nov 10—tf

WINTER MILLENERY.

A. & M. CLARK respectfully inform the Ladies, that they will open at No. 273 south 2d street, an assortment of Winter Millenery on Tuesday the 13th of November. nov 10—3t*

PIANO FORTES,

MANUFACTURED, repaired, and toned, in a satisfactory manner, (if not there will be no charge,) by

CONRAD MEYERS,
No. 241, North Front Street,

Or a line addressed to him and left at this Office, or at the Post Office, will be promptly attended to. July 14

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for Sale by DAVID CLARK, No. 118 North Fourth Street, Philadelphia,

DR. WATT'S

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ARRANGED by Dr. RIPPON, with Dr. Rippon's Selection, in one volume, with two handsome engravings; printed on very fine paper, from New Stereotype Plates, and strongly bound, at $1. per copy. To Booksellers and others who purchase larger quantities, a liberal discount will be made. May 11, 1827—tf

TO RENT.

A LARGE ROOM, in a central part of the city, near the Post Office, suitable for a Seminary, or Mechanical business. Rent low. Enquire at this Office. oct 20—tf

PARKER'S
Vegetable Renovating
PANACEA.
EQUAL TO SWAIM'S,
AND ONE DOLLAR CHEAPER!

May be had genuine of John Hart & Son, No. 18 S. Second street; Edward B. Garrigues, corner of Sixth and Market streets; Thomas Oliver, N. E. corner of Front and Catharine streets; P. Williamson, N. E. corner of Second and Almond streets; S. C. Sheppard, No. 107 South Ninth street, below Walnut; Wm. Rowcudt, S. W. corner of Fourth and Wood streets; Wm. Scattergood, corner of Second and Green streets; —— Garretson, Northwest corner of Race and Fifth streets.

CERTIFICATES, and Directions for using, accompany each Bottle—Price $2.

STUCKERT'S
DRUG STORE,

Where Medical advice will be given for a disease ruinous to the constitution. Also, for diseases of every description.

No. 33 N. FOURTH STREET,

Half way between Cherry and Race streets, (east side

STUCKERT'S PANACEA.

AFTER sickness or diseases of every kind, in children or grown persons, this Panacea will create a new and healthy action in the system. The most respectable certificates can be produced as to its efficacy in destroying all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood, morbid action in the system, constitutional syphilis, mercurial diseases, scrofula, liver complaint, sore throat, King's evil, ulcers, tumors, pimples or eruptions on the face, rheumatism, tetter, and general debility. It is an excellent medicine for creating an appetite; also for relaxations of the stomach, and decayt of the constitution.—Price 75 cents per porter bottle.

Stuckert's Anti-Bilious Pills for foul stomach, headache, costiveness, and bilious habit.—Small box 6 cents large 25.

Stuckert's Ague and Fever Drops.—Small bottles 12 1-2 large do. 25.

Stuckert's Pearl Powder, for destroying pimples on the face, and whitening the skin.—Small papers 6 cents, large do. 12 1-2.

Stuckert's Scorbutic Tooth Powder, for preserving and whitening the teeth.—Small boxes 6 cents, large do 12 1-2.

Stuckert's Head-ache Powders, for Head ache, Heartburn, and Acidity or Sourness of the Stomach.

Stuckert's Tooth-Ache Drops—12 1-2 cents per bottle.
oct 13—tf

To Country Merchants and Others.

JOHN BEMENT & CO.

No. 5, north Third Street.

(Successors to the late Mr. Samuel Hoffman.)

RESPECTFULLY inform the Customers of the late Mr. Samuel Hoffman, as well as the public in general, that they have now on hand, a large and general assortment of Tortoise Shell, Tuck, Neck, and Side Combs, 2,000 dozen imitation Tuck, do. various sizes. Also, Ivory, Crescent, Dressing, Ridding, Side, Neck, Long, and Pocket Combs, of various sizes and qualities, which they offer for sale, at the above mentioned establishment—at wholesale only—for cash or approved paper. Country Merchants and others are requested to call and examine the assortment.

All orders attended to with despatch.

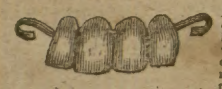
N. B. Cash and the highest price given for Country and Spanish Horns. sept 22—3m

NOTICE TO EVAN DAVID.

WHEREAS JOSHUA DAVID of Newcastle, Del. deceased, demised by his last Will and Testament, a share of his property to his brother Evan David in case he should be living, this is to give notice to the said Evan David, to come forward and claim his share of the said property.

Published pursuant to the last Will and Testament of Joshua David. ELISHA DAVID,
June 16—1y* Newcastle county, Del.

Mr. Planton's Uncorruptible
ARTIFICIAL TEETH,



APPROVED by the Medical Society and the Franklin Institute, are too well known to need eulogium. Experience has proved them to be far superior to any other kind of artificial teeth. He performs also, all operations relative to his profession as a reasonable charge.

DRAWING.—His wife continues to take Likenesses in oil and Miniature, and to teach the Ladies the art of Drawing, at South Fourth, corner of Prune street.
sept 29—3m*

SADDLERY, HARNESS,
AND COACH FURNITURE.

H. & F. A. HUBER, offer for Sale, at No. 40 North Third street, opposite Heiskell's Hotel, a large and general assortment of imported and American articles, used by Saddlers, Harness, and Coach Makers, at the lowest prices for cash or acceptances—consisting of all the varieties of plated, brass, tinned, japanned steel, iron, wood, woollen, cotton, and linen furniture, together with constant supply of hog skins. June 23—tf.

HARDWARE STORE.

ESLEY & MEREDITH, No 241 Market, above 6th street, have just opened a complete Assortment of

HARDWARE & CUTLERY,

CONSISTING of Locks, Latches, and Hinges, of all kinds; Screws, Pullies, Nails, Brass ware, Edge tools, Planes, Files, Andirons, shovel and tongs, spades and shovels, knives and forks razors, scissors, pen and pocket knives, spoons, hollow ware, &c. &c. &c. which they will sell, Wholesale or Retail, at very reduced prices. oct 27—6m.

BARTLESON & HARMER,

N. E. CORNER OF SECOND & PINE STREET,

HAVE on hand, an extensive assortment of GREEN & VENETIAN BLINDS, which they offer low for cash. They also keep a vast number of the most fashionable well made BEDS, of various sizes, equal to any ever offered for sale on this continent. feb. 3—tf

PAINTING & GLAZING.

JAMES WILSON, of the late firm of Jewell & Wilson, House Painters and Glaziers, would respectfully inform his friends and those of the late firm, and the public in general, that he has commenced business on his own account at No. 52 Walnut Street, a few doors above Dock street, where he hopes, by strict attention to business, with a determination to give satisfaction, to merit a continuance of those favours which have heretofore been so liberally extended towards him.
nov 3—6t

GEORGE W. FARR,
WOOLLEN DRAPER & TAILOR,
No. 204 MARKET STREET,
Next door above the Red Lion Hotel.

HAS received by late arrivals from London an elegant assortment of blue, black, citron, claret, bronze, green, brown, mixed, and a variety of fancy coloured Cloths and Cassimeres, Hirsts, Lewis, Hck & Henry manufacture. Also, a variety of English black and blue Silk Vestings, Barratteas, plain and figured Marseilles, fancy and plain Silk Velvets, Toilenett, Valencia, and plain and figured Cravats, plain and ruffled linen and cotton Shirts, Collars, &c. Gloves, Stockings, English and German Silk Handkerchiefs, all of which will be sold from ten to fifteen per cent. lower than they can be purchased in the United States. Medical Students, Country Merchants and others visiting the city, will please to call and examine the above.

N. B. One years credit will be given to all regular dealers, or a liberal discount for cash. march 24—1y

SECOND CLASS OF THE

Grand Literature Lottery.

J. I. COHEN, Jr. & BROTHERS, *of Baltimore*, have the pleasure to announce the Second Class of this Lottery, authorized by the General Assembly of Maryland, for the promotion of science and literature. The number of tickets (only Ten Thousand) is considerably less than any lottery for many years, and gives to the Adventurer an increased chance for the Capital Prizes. The drawing will take place in the city of Baltimore on Wednesday the 19th of December, and will be completed on that day under the superintendence of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor and Council.

Highest Prizes,

10.000 DOLS. 5.000 DOLS. &C.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of	$10,000	is $10,000 Dollars.
1	5,000	5,000 Dollars.
1	3,000	3,000 Dollars.
1	2,000	2,000 Dollars.
1	1,000	1,000 Dollars.
3	500	1,500 Dollars.
10	100	1,000 Dollars.
20	50	1,000 Dollars.
50	20	1,000 Dollars.
100	5	500 Dollars.
3000	¼	12,000 Dollars.

3188 Prizes, amounting to $38,000 Dollars.

☞ *Only* 10,000, *Tickets in the Scheme!!*

The CASH for the whole of the prizes can be had, as usual at *Cohen's Office*, the moment they are drawn.

Whole Tickets, - - - $5 00 | Quarters, - - - - $1 25
Halves, - - - - - - 2 25 | Eighths, - - - - - 62

*** Orders from any part of the United States, either by mail (post paid) or private conveyance, enclosing the cash or prize tickets in any of the lotteries, will meet the same prompt and punctual attention as if on personal application. Address to

J. I. COHEN, Jr. & BROTHERS, *Baltimore.*

☞ In the first class of the Literature Lottery, Drawn on the 17th ult. Both the Great Capitals of 20,000 and 10,000 Dollars, besides no less than Sixteen of 2,000 and 1,000 Dollars, were all sold at COHEN'S Office, No. 114 Market street, where more Capital prizes have been sold than at any other office in America.

Baltimore, Nov. 1, 1827. nov 3—4t

OLD ESTABLISHED

Philadelphia Intelligence Office,

No. 8, South Fifth-street, third door below Minor-street

PROCURES houses and parts, Boarders Clerks, Housekeepers, Journeymen, Apprentices, Porters, Barkeepers, Coachmen, Waiters, Laborers, Seamstresses, Farming men, Grooms, Cooks, and House Servants. Farming men, Grooms, Cooks, and House Servants. The above establishment relies on the patronage of the public, and particularly on those in the habit of employing persons, whose notice of the same is respectfully solicited; and the proprietor will endeavour, aided by their patronage, to conduct it in such a manner as to give universal satisfaction, and make the office worthy of their patronage and support. Persons of every description, having good recommendations or references, will find every facility in supplying themselves with situations.

☞ Office open every evening until 8 o'clock.
aug 4—1yr

INSOLVENT NOTICES.

INSOLVENT Debtor's Bonds and final Petitions for the next Court; and all other writings and advice connected therewith, correctly and legally attended to, until discharged by the Honorable Judges of the Court. Those persons who will be obliged to avail themselves of the Insolvent Laws of this Commonwealth, at the approaching term, and wish to have their business done in a proper and legal manner, will please apply at No. 8, south Fifth-street, third door below Minor street.

CHARLES P. LISLE.

Professional services, in case of opposition, will be rendered if required.

N. B. Office open until 8 o'clock, P. M.
aug 4—1yr

DR. A. G. HULL'S

PATENT HINGE TRUSS,

For the relief and cure of Hernia.

DR. A. G. HULL respectfully informs those labouring under the disease of Rupture, that his lately improved TRUSS, adapted to the different species of that complaint, to which *Males, Females, and Children* are subject, may be obtained at his Office, in North 8th street, No. 38, where professional attention will be given to their application in all cases. In regard to the auxiliary means by which cures are rendered more certain, instructions will be furnished, together with the remedies. Those who call at his Office, will be fitted without additional expense, and an opportunity always given them of exchanging the instrument as often as may be necessary, in order to obtain one perfectly suitable in every respect, to their ease, (otherwise no charge, whatever will be made.)

For satisfactory evidence of the correctness of the mechanical and surgical principles upon which this instrument is constructed, as well as its acknowledged utility, not only in giving ease, comfort and security, in all cases, but in effecting *radical cures*, the Inventor refers to the statements of our most eminent Professors and Surgeons contained in his "Treatise on the nature and cure of Hernia," recently published, and to the following high encomium, extracted from "Thatcher's American Modern Practice," 2d ed. 1820. page 678:

"A great variety of Trusses, formed on different principles, have been from time to time introduced to public notice, but, with one exception, it may be asserted that they have been found altogether deficient in those just principles upon which such instruments ought to be formed. It is within a few years that a Truss has been invented by Dr. A. G. Hull, which is incomparably superior, in its principles and properties, to any of those previously in use. Dr. Hull is exclusively entitled to the credit of first adopting the true Surgical principle for the cure of Hernia. He happily conceived the idea that the pad of the Truss should be so constructed as simply to support the muscular fibres around the ring or aperture as much as possible, in the state in which they are maintained in perfect health. Unless this be attained, the parts never can recover their natural tone, whatever may be the degree of pressure applied. This great desideratum is admirably accomplished by giving to the pad of his new invented Hinge Truss a concave instead of a convex surface, by which it corresponds to the convexity of the abdomen. By this construction, it is evident that the greatest degree of pressure is applied to the circumference of the aperture, which tends constantly to approximate the Hernial parietes and afford them a Mechanical support. The correctness of the principle upon which it is constructed has been abundantly tested by experience. Numerous instances have occurred in which Hernia has been cured by it, which had proved intractible to other Trusses." sept 8—eotf

"Tales for Leisure Hours,"

COMPRISING twelve series in a volume of 162 pages, neatly bound in boards, price 50 cents, or 75 cents extra binding, may be had of CAREY, LEA and CAREY, S. E. corner of Chesnut and Fourth; JUDAH DOBSON, No. 108 Chesnut street and at his Office.

PULMONARY
BALSAM,

FOR THE CURE of Phthisis or Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Rheumatic Inflammation or Inflammation and Tubercles on the Lungs, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Spitting of Blood, and Catarrhal deflections on the Breast. *PREPARED BY THE PROPRIETOR,*

DR. B. M. SMITH,

No. 18, S. Twelfth Street, 2d door above Chesnut, Philad

The proprietor is perfectly aware of the variety of Medicines that have already been offered to the public, as well as the repeated impositions that have been practised upon the afflicted. To offer *one invariable preparation* as a specific, in a variety of diseases, would be both presumptuous and empirical, and as reprehensible as it would be insulting to the understanding of an enlightened community. The proprietor therefore wishes to restrict his medicine to one class of diseases only, in its application to which, he trusts, he shall have no cause of apprehension, either from the reproach of the afflicted, or the scrutiny of science.

It has been admitted, that consumptions alone, make up above one-tenth part of the bills of mortality; and there is much reason to believe, that this is far short of the number of diseases immediately connected with the pulmonary organs. This great number should create no surprise, when we reflect that there is scarcely any other complaint of the whole human system, which has not, some time or other, terminated in this most destructive malady. A disease which is seated in the most delicate and vital part of the system, the very main-spring of life, must necessarily have elicited the whole skill and attention of the most learned physicians; and their mode of treatment have been as various as they have been delusive to the hopes of the unfortunate. The discovery of a remedy so very desirable in this class of infirmities, would be one of the most valuable boons that could be offered to an afflicted world. This *great desideratum*, the proprietor believes he has, as nearly as the unavoidable claims of mortality will permit, supplied in his Pulmonary Balsam. The proprietor trusts, that the well meant endeavours of the humane and benevolent, in relieving distress, and eradicating disease, will meet the countenance and support of every sober friend to the unfortunate.

The Pulmonary Balsam is a pleasant liquid, and perfectly safe for the most debilitated constitution, and free from any mineral preparation whatever.

TESTIMONIALS.

The subscribers being persuaded of the merits of Dr. B. M. Smith's Pulmonary Balsam, and feeling that gratitude which is natural to feel towards the man who, under Providence, has been the means of raising them from infirmity and wretchedness, to a state of health and comfort, have determined to make known their individual cases, for the benefit of those who may be affected with similar complaints.

Having been severely afflicted with a disease of the lungs, attended with alarming symptoms, and failing to obtain a cure from any of the various sources to which I had recourse, I applied to Dr. B. M. Smith, who in a short time effected what to me appears to be a permanent cure, by the use of his Pulmonary Balsam, having been in good health for the last nine months.

Philad. Jan 27, 1827. JOHN BUDDY,
No. 18, Arch Street.

This is to certify, that for five years past I have been afflicted with the Asthma to a distressing degree. I had tried numerous remedies, and had much medical advice, without effecting a cure—In this state I applied to Dr. Smith—obtained some of his Pulmonary Balsam, and in the space of twenty-four hours was sensibly relieved—by continuing the medicine a few days, I was restored to perfect health, which I have now enjoyed for five months. FANNY CONDE,

Witness, Charles Conde. No. 114, N. Fifth Street.

Philad. Jan. 27, 1825.

This may certify, that I had been for some time in a declining state of health, when, in the year 1824, my disease assumed a more alarming aspect—I became subject to all the symptoms attendant on pulmonary consumption, and was reduced to what my physician considered an incurable state. In this condition my case was made known to Dr. B. M. Smith, who recommended his Pulmonary Balsam. I commenced using it, and by taking five bottles I was restored to a perfect state of health, which I have enjoyed for the last eight months. For this important and unexpected cure, I tender Dr. Smith the tribute of a grateful heart. SARAH WILLIAMSON,

Philad. Nov. 13, 1825. No. 17, Swanson Street.

This may certify, that I was for a long time afflicted with a pain in my breast and stomach, attended with violent cough and spitting of blood. I heard at length of Dr. B. M. Smith's Pulmonary Balsam, and procured a bottle, from which I obtained almost immediate relief. I am now in good health. J. B. ELLIOTT,

Sworn before M. Tilden. Straight Lane, Old Town
Witness, T. P. Mathers. Baltimore.

This is to certify, that I was afflicted for more than six years previous to my leaving England, with a pain in my breast and left side, accompanied with a very bad cough, so that I could not lie in bed for three months, and during my indisposition I was reduced to much debility of body. In this extreme ill health I was induced to apply to at least thirty respectable physicians, from many of whom I received assurance that I could not survive the disordered state of my body; but leaving England I came to America, hoping that the voyage would be of service to me, but this also failed. I, however, finally heard of Dr. Smith, and on application to him, I received a phial of his Pulmonary Balsam, which perfectly cured me in a few days, and I have been as well as ever I was in my life ever since, to my great joy and satisfaction. ROBERT STANLEY,

No. 4, Little York Street, Baltimore
Sworn and subscribed before me, 8th Dec. 1820,
M. D. Tilden.

The above are given as a sample of the many certificates of cures performed by the Pulmonary Balsam, from persons of respectability, which are in possession of B. M. SMITH, at his residence, No. 18, South Twelfth Street, where those interested may obtain further information on the subject.

The price of the Pulmonary Balsam is One Dollar per Bottle, which may be had of the following gentlemen, agents—F. Kleitz, Druggist, N. E. corner of Second and Callowhill Streets; Trueman and Poole, Druggists, S. W. corner of Spruce and Second Streets; William Marriott, Druggist, N. W. corner of Arch and Fifth Streets, *Philadelphia*—and of Daniel D. Smith, Bookseller, No. 190, Greenwich Street; James D. Oram, 314 Broadway and A. B. Martin, 10 William Street, New York.

☞ None genuine except signed by the Proprietor.
aug 4—eo1ot

JOHN P. FIRENG'S,
Wholesale Jewelry Manufactory,

IS removed from No. 475 North Second street, to No. 124 *North Fifth street*, above Race street, where he intends to carry on the above business.

N. B. All orders in his line of business will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Oct. 6—3m*

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FASHIONABLE HAT MANUFACTURER, No. 55 South Third st. below Chesnut street, where hats of any description may be obtained by Wholesale and Retail, which, for beauty and durability, and excellence of material, are equal to any in the city. Fine Beaver, Castor and Roram Hats; also, Imitation Beaver, which he offers for sale at very low prices. Country Merchants will find it their interest to call, as the subscriber flatters himself he will give general satisfaction.

An elegant assortment of short nap beaver hats; gentlemen that are in the habit of wearing short nap hats are invited to call and examine them.

N. B.—Hats of any shape or quality made to order at the shortest notice. June 9—om

DR. CHAMBERS'
REMEDY FOR INTEMPERANCE.

THE Subscriber, on the decease of the late Dr. William Chambers, took into his possession the personal estate of the deceased, and found, prepared, a large quantity of Dr. Chambers' Remedy for Intemperance.

He hereby informs the public, that he has disposed of all the medicine so found, to Dr. James